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COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCI. No. 2348

JANUARY 16, 1942



Harlip

MRS. TERENCE CRAIG

Mrs. Craig is the wife of Flight-Lieutenant Terence Craig, R.A.F., V.R., nephew of the late Lord Craigavon, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland. During the war Mrs. Craig has spent six months in hospital doing V.A.D. duty and has worked for a year in an aircraft factory. Her two little sons are eight and six years old.

COUNTRY LIFE

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Telegrams: Country Life, London. Telephone: Temple Bar 7351

ADVERTISEMENT AND PUBLISHING OFFICES:
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The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in COUNTRY LIFE should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

THE NATION'S FOOD

LORD WOOLTON'S account of his stewardship at the Ministry of Food is at once lucid and convincing. All war-time controls and restrictions, being based for the most part on factors which cannot be accurately disclosed to those they most affect, are bound to appear arbitrary—quite apart from the fact that, in a world of human beings, some of them are certain to cause heartburning, if not open resentment. The way to minimise these drawbacks is to be not only reasonable but as frank as safety allows. This Lord Woolton has achieved, and we may be grateful to him for it. The success of his unenviable task depends mainly on factors completely outside his Ministry's control, on the success, in fact, of our Navy and merchant sailors on the sea and of our farmers on the land. To both Lord Woolton offers unstinted gratitude. With their aid it has been possible to maintain the national health and to secure a just and equal distribution of available food. The third objective of sound war-time food administration is to keep in hand the cost of living and, though this has risen steeply, it is still well under control and its rise cannot be attributed to any lack of administrative ability shown at the Ministry of Food. One or two of the Minister's projects—his attempt to control the distribution of eggs, for instance—are still open to criticism. In one respect he has shown himself a good deal wiser than some of his colleagues. We have no wish to throw Lord Woolton's rotten eggs at the Minister of Agriculture, whose department has also, on the whole, been remarkably successful. But Mr. Hudson made no bones the other day about telling the House that the over-culling of dairy herds had been a regrettable error, and it is very much to the credit of the Ministry of Food that its officials and their advisers have throughout realised the paramount importance of milk as an article of national diet.

VALUE FOR MONEY?

THE trailing of Mr. Hudson's coat, when he talked to the House of Commons about food prices, was not without effect. The free-trade *Economist* jumped on its skirts at once, and devoted a long and reasoned article to proving—among other things—that man-power and not food is the limiting factor in our war effort, and suggesting that to grow food at home requires more labour than to import it. Stated thus, such a question is academic in its unimportance compared with the undoubted fact that, in times like these a wheat field in Wiltshire or Sussex is worth many shiploads of corn in American granaries. The *Economist's* other contention with regard to the connection between cheap food and prosperity were dealt with in COUNTRY LIFE a fortnight ago. The farming world generally appeared at that time—apart from Lord De La Warr's rather consciously Governmental reply—to be stunned by a sudden realisation that "The City" could seriously take up a point of view which

seemed to them so unreasonable. Since then, there has been an awakening, and British agriculture is justifying itself by words as well as by deeds. In the *Farmers Weekly* Lord Addison, Lord Winterton, and Lord De La Warr all deal with various aspects of maximum production as a national asset, and Lord Winterton in particular treats, with characteristic frankness, the cost-of-labour point of view. He deplores a great deal of the popular special pleading which makes out that British farming was specially chosen by Providence for ill-treatment in the years before the war. As a landowner in Rhodesia and Canada he declares that farmers all over the world were in just as bad a case. As for the "flight from the land," its peak was during the industrial revolution a century ago. All this discussion of what "value for money" the country is getting in keeping our national agriculture a flourishing concern is to the good. Eventually it may lead us to the overdue discovery that half the money we pay in high prices and subsidies is going, not to the producers, but to the distributors.

COMMUNALISM IN THE KITCHEN

EVEN some readers of COUNTRY LIFE are probably now formulating views, based on personal experience, about cooking and washing-up. So the Brains Trust must certainly have had a large and passionately interested audience when they discussed the question of communal kitchens the other night. The male Trustees, on the whole, were in favour of them, if only on the logical grounds that it seems uneconomical and all that for the same processes of preparing and washing-up a meal to be going on simultaneously in any number of adjacent dwellings. But then Miss Rebecca West chirped up, in dulcet tones, to the effect that, speaking as a woman, she could not imagine any of her sex willing to give up her own kitchen for a public one. Besides the personal factors involved by communal use, there were the facts that the preparation, consumption, and conclusion of a meal were processes not necessarily entirely separate whether from one another or from other domestic activities. A capable housewife, in her own quarters, generally enjoys the business, and as to washing up, it really takes very little time if briskly and methodically done. Since, after the war, we shall all probably have to do more chores ourselves—as our counterparts in the United States have for some years—it is time that American planning and labour-saving gadgets were more thoroughly studied over here.

THE THAW COMES

*THE thaw has come to the world at last,
And slowly melted away the snows.
The trees are stirred from their winter hush;
Again the brook down the valley flows.*

*Bright raindrops hang on the lacing boughs;
The birch-twigs glow with a purple-red;
While down the moss-grown ride, a jay
With chattering cry flies overhead.*

*But, best of all that the thaw can bring,
Is joyful music, the welcome sound
Of hoof-beats echoing down the rides;
The mellow notes of a questing hound.*

*A wave of challenging, eager forms,
That drive through heather and fern and brake.
The chink of bit-bars, the drumming hoofs
And clarion horn the land shall wake!*

IRIS M. RAIKES.

RUBBER GRAPES

THE one thing we must not do in these times is to grumble about the things we have to go without, and indeed it is on the whole remarkable, quite apart from our obvious duty in the matter, how quickly we learn to dispense with them and how little we miss them. There is now coming to us another opportunity patriotically to regard as sour a variety of grapes which are going to be denied us. All these grapes are made of rubber. In some instances they are absolutely banned; in others their makers are to be placed under licence. In the first class are such miscellaneous articles as bathing-caps, tobacco-pouches, umbrella

rings, teapot-stands, dog biscuits and paddlers. As to all of them it may be said that we shall do sufficiently well without, though the pipe-smoker may hardly understand the deprivation of the man who cannot endure an untidy umbrella or *vice versa*. As to the second class of articles that will presumably be scarcer though not unattainable, the player of games will be the greatest sufferer. In this class are balls for the playing of a number of games such as golf, lawn tennis, hockey, squash and rackets, and the bladders for footballs, water-polo balls, and punch-balls. Indeed cricket seems to be almost the only game that is not touched by the regulation. No doubt the game players will discover that they will do sufficiently well with equipment that they would once have scornfully discarded; but it is to be hoped that the dearth will not be too severe, since games have a part to play in keeping us going.

ARCHITECTURAL COPYRIGHT

AN additional obstacle, to say the least, to a coherent street design has been raised by Mr. Justice Uthwatt's judgment in the long-drawn-out case of Meikle v. Maufe. The facts were that, 25 years ago, Heal and Son, Limited, employed Messrs. Smith and Brewer to design their well-known and admirable premises in Tottenham Court Road. In extending it a few years ago, the original architects being dead, they employed Mr. Edward Maufe, A.R.A., who, to ensure the continuity of the design, borrowed the original designs from Mr. Meikle, the representative of Smith and Brewer: a hitherto accepted professional practice. The latter subsequently claimed infringement of copyright, and obtained damages. Though various qualifying factors were adduced, his lordship adjudged that, in so far as novel features and the general character of the original building were repeated in the new, Smith and Brewer were entitled to architectural copyright in the building, as well as that of the plans, although, in the latter, sundry departures were made from those of the older building. One result of the decision will undoubtedly be to discourage a client and architect from repeating the façade of an adjacent building, although aesthetic considerations manifestly demand it, in case somebody turns up claiming copyright. The only bright side of the case—apart from the point of view of such claimant—is the very modest damages awarded—£150: the amount of a reasonable fee for the use of a design. It is to be hoped that the R.I.B.A. will establish a code of practice on this basis, regularising a scale of copyright fees in such a way that neither client nor architect need be seriously discouraged from repeating elements in a design desirable in public and artistic interest.

MARGINS

READERS have now had three weeks' acquaintance with the smaller format of COUNTRY LIFE, and such comments as have reached us are, we are glad to find, sympathetic and not unfavourable. The new shape of the paper is actually regarded as easier to hold, and it is recognised that a saving has been achieved, as in so many other war-time economies, at the expense of margins but not of essentials. A careful comparison of the new page with the old will show that while the loss of reading matter amounts to not much more than an inch, the saving of paper has been considerable. We need hardly say that the change has not been made from choice, but it has been made willingly, because we believe it to be in the national interest. May we take the opportunity of repeating that many people still have wide margins of paper which we suggest, in no spirit of self-righteousness, that they too should cut down. What marginal stores are there not still of books, catalogues, old letters and cardboard, put away because they "may be wanted" or "may be valuable some day?" That day has now come. They are wanted, desperately, and where there is a margin of doubt, cut it off. In doing so you are not only helping to make munitions of war, but, through the Waste Paper Contest launched a few weeks ago, helping to earn big donations to national and your own local charities.



E. W. Tattersall

WINTER BY THE RIVER: SUMMERSEAT ON THE IRWELL, LANCASHIRE

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

WHILE pigeon-shooting the other evening—and for some reason this expensive bird, as regards cartridges, is not so plentiful in these parts as in normal years—I found so much spare time on my hands that I was enabled to pay more attention to the wild life of the wood than is usually the case when one is waiting for the evening pigeon flight. The first thing of interest to occur was the arrival of a huge flock of goldfinches, which came in from a neighbouring patch of dead thistles in such numbers as to suggest they could not all be indigenous birds, and that they were a migrating flight moving from one part of the country to another. The goldfinches appeared to be considering the possibilities of a larch plantation for their night's quarters, but the harsh shrieking of several jays inside the wood caused them to change their plans.

Incidentally I had several easy chances at these jays during the course of the afternoon, but with cartridges very short on the market they obtained a reprieve they did not deserve. As this sort of economy is no doubt being practised all over Great Britain, it may provide one of the reasons why there are so many of these pests in the countryside to-day, and, judging from their numbers in the south-west, the few remaining wild pheasants are going to find it difficult to raise a clutch next nesting season.

THE next turn on the programme was provided by a magnificent buck of the Japanese variety, the forebears of which are reported to have escaped from an island in Poole Harbour some 70 or 80 years ago. These animals now exist in such numbers that the local Agricultural Committee have declared war on them. The buck came so silently and so swiftly that I did not notice him—one moment

the open glade in front of me was empty, and the next the heavily antlered animal was standing in full view. As I did not move, he had not detected me in my bracken hide and for some seconds—while I wondered if I could get a lethal bullet cartridge into my gun—we stood watching each other. Suddenly the light breeze shifted a point or two and carried my scent to him, whereupon he gave vent to a shrill whistling snort and went off through the wood, blowing insulting blasts through his nostrils and conveying the suggestion that my smell was extremely unpleasant—in fact, quite unendurable.

The buck had only just disappeared into the wings without waiting for his "curtain" when a rabbit came on L.U.E., which in theatrical parlance is Left Upper Entrance, and, as everything was providing a turn on this peculiar evening, I was not surprised to see that there was something queer about this rabbit. It moved in an extraordinary, lop-sided fashion, and I then discovered that one of its hind legs was missing. It had obviously lost it in a gin-trap, and so far as I could see the leg was severed well up the thigh-bone, leaving it only a very short stump on which to hop with a queer sideways motion. While I was wondering how a maimed animal of this description could survive the hunting of dog, stoat, fox and badger the first flight of pigeons arrived, and the evening's natural history entertainment was over.

IN connection with maimed animals adapting themselves to the loss of limbs, I was told by a Scottish zoologist the other day of a stoat which had been sent to him. A keeper on a

neighbouring moor had seen an extraordinary animal, apparently of the kangaroo species, moving with long graceful hops through the bracken. He had shot it to discover what it was, and on examination it proved to be a stoat that had lost its front legs in a trap.

The stumps had healed up perfectly and callosities had formed on the short ends of the limbs, proving that the stoat occasionally used what remained of his fore legs. His progress, which was as rapid as that of an uninjured animal, was by means of kangaroo-like hops, and as this stoat was in perfect condition it proved that his C3 disability did not prevent him from obtaining his food supply—an instance of the extraordinary adaptability of Nature.

THE photograph of the giant water-wheel on Bodmin Moor, which appeared in the issue of December 19, does not show whether it was used to generate power or lift water. It is impossible to decide from the illustration if it is an ordinary undershot wheel, worked by the force of the stream to run a pumping plant for the purpose of raising seepage water from the lead mine, or whether it was one of those water-lifting wheels which are normally used for irrigation, but which in this instance might have been employed for washing the ore. The shape of the buckets suggests that it was a water-raising wheel, and there is a large length of timber in front of the wheel, which looks as if it had a groove in it, and which may have been the conduit into which the water fell from the wheel buckets. If it was not used as a channel it is difficult to understand what part the baulk of timber played in the construction.

The wheel resembles in many ways those working on the Orontes River at Hama in Syria, on which I commented in these Notes some six months ago, and these are used for water-raising only and are worked by the force of the stream.

I feel sure, however, there must be many readers of COUNTRY LIFE who know all about the Bodmin Moor wheel, and the exact part it played when the adjoining lead mine was working.

Incidentally, it was not a water-raising wheel which frightened the desert Arabs, but a hydraulic ram. They felt convinced there must be a devil inside the mechanism to make it work, and that the muffled "tick-tock" of the valves was the devil's voice.

MANY readers of COUNTRY LIFE have no doubt received the official Christmas card of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, which depicts Santa Claus, clad in his usual fur-trimmed scarlet cloak and equipped with the white beard, but wearing a steel helmet instead of a hood, and flying on a camel over the tops of the Pyramids and date palms. Father Christmas has apparently borrowed for the occasion the camel of the Prophet Mahomed which, according to Arab legends, flew in the air and was called *Barak* (lightning) in consequence. Another conception of this mythical beast was that it was so huge that when it stood up it had its off-hind leg in Mecca, its near-hind on Mount Sinai, its near-fore in Cairo and off-fore in Damascus; but as an irreligious Arab policeman remarked, to the extreme horror of his more devout comrades: "I wonder what that camel cost the Prophet in forage."

I DO not know when the idea of mounting Father Christmas on a camel, instead of placing him in a reindeer-drawn sledge, originated, but, when entertaining a family of children during Christmas at a desert rest-house some

10 years ago, my wife enlisted the services of a Sudanese Camel Corps private, selecting the blackest from a very dusky body of men, dressed him up in a long red cloak trimmed with cotton-wool, and fitted him with a flowing white beard made from sheep-skin. He was coached in his part, which was to arrive on his camel just after dusk in front of the veranda of the rest-house, where the Yule log was burning, dismount from his camel, and then distribute the presents from his saddle-bags to the children whose names had been written in Arabic on the parcels.

The Sudanese private had never before heard of Santa Claus and his particular activities at Christmas, but a marked characteristic of this delightful race is their great fondness for children and everything connected with them, and he grasped the whole idea in a flash. He realised that he was to play the part of a genie—a good spirit—who loved children and whose task it was to travel over the whole of the Christian world delivering presents to them, and he was informed also that, normally, he would go down a chimney late at night on Christmas Eve. Apparently he spent the whole of the day working up his part as an all-powerful genie, and the average Sudanese is a fine natural actor; but this man proved to be in a class by himself.

As dusk came down after the Christmas tea the soft shuffling noise made by a fast-trotting camel's pads was heard and next moment, to the intense joy of the waiting children, Father Christmas drew up on his animal and made it *barrak* (squat) by the fire. Before handing over his presents, however, Santa Claus had a few words to say—to explain why he had not arrived

during the previous night—and this part of the entertainment was entirely his own idea. No one, he said heatedly, had informed him of the fact that the children had left Cairo, or given him any information as to where they were to be found. Here he turned accusingly to the father of the small people, who happened to be the commander of the Egyptian Army, and this was his great chance, for never again in his life would he be in a position to reprimand publicly a Sirdar!

"WHY did you not take the trouble to tell me, ya Saaht el Pasha?" he roared. "I went to your house down the chimney and could find no children anywhere, and the whole of the day I have been riding my camel in the desert looking for them."

The Pasha said humbly that he was exceedingly sorry, but he had forgotten.

"Forgotten—the usual excuse," snorted Father Christmas. "And here am I tired out by my search through your forgetfulness. Don't let it happen again."

"Oh, Daddy," exclaimed the children, reprovingly, "why didn't you tell poor Father Christmas?"

Then, his great moment having passed, the Sudanese private handed out the presents with a few chosen words to each recipient and with a dignity suggestive of a Member of Parliament at a school prize-giving in his constituency. One way and another we obtained the impression that a Sudanese Santa Claus provided a far more convincing and entertaining impersonation of the part than that rendered by the most Thespian-minded British parent.

TREASURE ISLES OF THE FAR EAST

By IGNATIUS PHAYRE

A SUDDEN menace has clouded Holland's huge overseas empire which Queen Wilhelmina's former Premier, Dr. Hendrikus Colijn, called "Our lovely 'Insulinde' that twines around the Equator like an emerald girdle." Those blissful isles were a true Heaven-on-earth, 60 times the Motherland's area and ruled by a Viceroy whose

contact with the native princes was on a uniquely paternal basis. So has it been since 1580, when these islands, lying between the south-east corner of Asia and Australia, came under Dutch control.

Here are regions where time has stood still for over a thousand years. In the island of Nias, off Sumatra, I found a race with customs that

resemble those of the Egyptians under the earliest Pharaohs. These idyllic lands of the Netherlands Empire, guarded by the British naval base at Singapore, cover 733,680 square miles and contain 65,000,000 people of various races and religions.

Everything in this archipelago is strange to the visitor. Thus, in the Isle of Madoera



A COLLECTION OF COCONUTS BY VILLAGE CHILDREN IN SUMATRA FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE TEMPLE



A "DREAM SCENE" AT DAWN IN THE HILLS OF BALI ISLAND

not horses but strong bulls are raced in chariots. Their trainers and jockeys are keyed up by harsh orchestras known as *gamelans* and dancers encourage the beasts with shrill songs and leaping feats of incredible agility. Once these horned racers are "off" on their "Derby" course the crowd's roar can be heard for miles and excitement rises to fever pitch; reckless bets are laid on the favourite, and bright-hued garments are waved with delirious calls to victory.

At the other extreme of native sport is the trial of skull-strength between pairs of well-bred rams. The seated umpire is a pious Moslem who pays no heed to the fantastic wagers that are staked upon each crashing collision. It is a marvel how these carefully matched beasts can survive impacts which one might think would brain a pair of Sumatran rhinoceri.

Long before the present aggression by Japan the Queen-Empress's naval strategist—Rear-Admiral Helfrich—declared: "Britain's powerful base at Singapore may be of great use to us in time of trouble—and so can our own port of Sourabaya serve our British friends!" This was said after Saburo Kuruusu had signed the Tripartite Pact as Japan's Ambassador in Berlin.

As an old soldier and ex-Governor in the Indies, Hendrikus Colijn knew that his Queen's empire overseas would be one of the first objectives of *Dai Nippon* or "Great Japan," whose supreme emblem is the Sword, for here are all things which a needy Power can desire, from fuel oil to rubber and copper. Java alone is immensely rich in tropical products: coffee, rice, sugar, fruits, tea and tobacco, besides rare timbers.

Adjacent to Java lies immense Sumatra, with an area three times greater. And Dutch Borneo is not far off to supply petroleum; yet other islands are rich in tin and have plantations of the finest cotton.

This tropical empire has long felt the thrill which luxurious air-liners brought it from

Rotterdam—a journey of five or six days with Batavia as the destination. Here stands the Rijkswijk Palace of the Governor-General of the Netherlands East Indies: by Queen Wilhelmina's decree he is now Dr. Van Mook. On guard here with him is Lieutenant-General H. ter Poorten with G.H.Q. at Bandoeng. This military leader feels the need of more aircraft, especially U.S. bombers. His Army is mechanised and has millions of barrels of fuel oil stored throughout the Indies.

Batavia is a lovely city of the old Vereenigde Oost-Indische Compagnie. At one point on its wall I stopped to inspect above me a

whitewashed human skull pierced by a spear. On the tablet I was surprised to read: "In detested memory of the traitor, Pieter Erberfelt. Any further building on this spot is forbidden, now and for ever." That native quisling was a half-caste "Indio" of his far-off day; and the native sweetheart of a patriot had denounced him for plots against the Governor-General.

Batavia itself was planned in true Dutch style with narrow streets and quiet canals. A lovely sight is the huge fishing-fleet of native *prahus* setting off seaward as a gorgeous sun drops below the coco-palms. Then you have the Molenvliet waterway, alive with bamboo-



FAMILIES LIVE ON RAFTS ON THE MOLENVLIET CANAL OF BATAVIA



YOUNG CRAFTSMEN WORKING IN GOLD AND SILVER IN A BAZAAR
AT BATAVIA



A MUSICAL AND BALLET FESTIVAL BEFORE THE VICEROY



TEMPLE DANCERS OF THE DJANGER BALLET PRESENTED IN SUMATRAN
PALACES

rafts. Rafts bring building materials into the city. When repairs to any home are needed the citizen buys a raft. Then he steers it to where he wants it before pulling it apart.

A short motor drive takes one to the Karani Avenue at Buitenzorg, where all the trees are festooned with floral parasites and scented orchids. But Java keeps one entranced with its bougainvillea hedges and green or golden shades of the ricefields with misty blue-black backgrounds of towering volcanoes. As for the sunsets, these defy all telling in sober prose. Out at Jogjakarta one pays a Friday call at the Moslem palace of His Highness, Sultan Hamangkoe Boewano VIII. Here on a dazzling moonlit night we share the *wayang-wong* dances of this Javanese prince as *gamelan*-bells tune in with deep drum-throbs. Time goes for nothing with these fascinating little Javanese. Their work is also their hobby, as one notes when wrinkled old men and small boys fashion things of beauty in gold and silver and trifles made from snake-skins, tortoiseshell and painted hides.

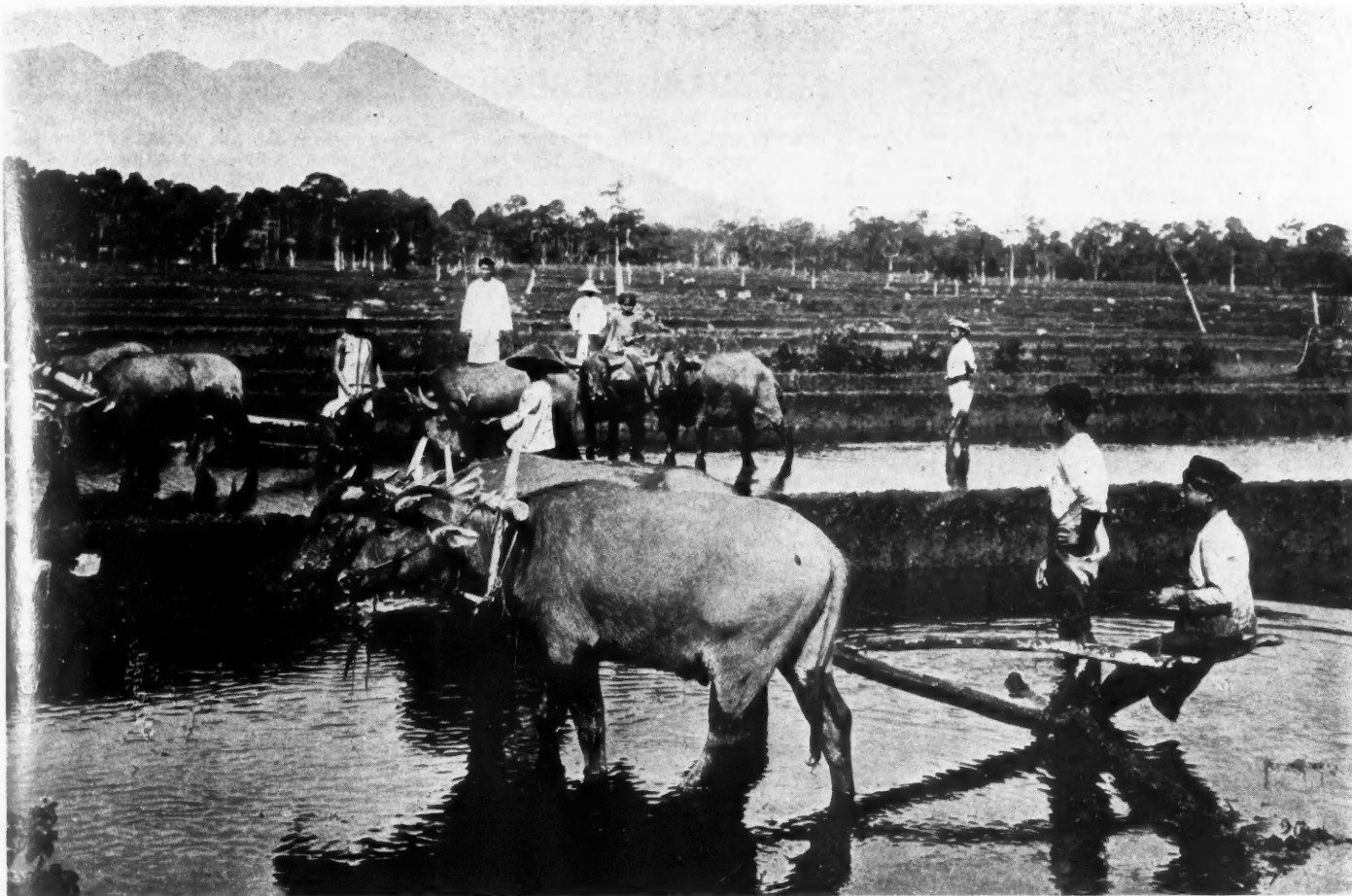
In this sun-kissed fairyland tiny brown children chant to the artists or even dance before them to soft airs from bamboo flutes. At one point the virgin forest breaks off to reveal hissing geysers and pools of boiling mud incredibly tinted. This may form the foreground to a seven-terraced *stupa*, or temple, where ages ago mystical stone-carvers hewed out episodes from the life of Buddha. But in this Dutch "India" all prophets figure, from remote pagans to Mohammed himself. Perhaps the loveliest highway I motored on is the Punchak Pass where the road climbs 5,000ft. of jungle and rice-terraces to the Telaga Warna, or Lake of Incredible Colours.

This changeful dreamland is served by three-engined air-liners. One ceases to wonder that even the white officials here become poets and refer to U.S. Douglas and Lockheed aircraft as "The wings we use to float into earth's only paradise"! One flies along the 1,100-mile mountain wall that rises from the Indian Ocean at Sumatra, where the Equator divides that enormous isle into two. Wild beasts appear, from the tiger and rhinoceros to fighting bulls and the black and yellow panthers which the farmer fears. The riot of blossoms ranges from hibiscus and frangipani to tall flame-trees that strew jungle paths or motorways with deep "dust" of scarlet petals.

Distances are made to dwindle here by the K.L.M. or Royal Dutch Air Services, as well as State railways and elegant inter-island steamers. Contrasting with these are creaky carts drawn by the slowest of *carabaos*, or water-buffaloes. Here and there the wayfarer halts in a village to see a shadow-play of marionettes with a *dalang*, or spokesman, who tells the story—often with prayers and the burning of incense to add effect to these *Wayang Kulit*s.

Life passes in these isles, great and small, as an endless festival with laughter, play and smiling gossip rated above tiresome toil. At the *kratons*, or palaces of the native rulers, vivid fairs are often held. To these men of rank flock by train, motor or air. Humbler folk attend them in wagons hauled by bulls in gorgeous loin-cloths. His Princely Highness, the Susuhunan of Surakarta (his full name is much longer than that) keeps up barbaric state of the Middle Ages with an armed retinue that includes a regiment of bow-and-arrow warriors. The Prince's palace here is double-walled, 725yds. long by 525 wide. Within that vast space are housed 10,000 retainers of his Highness, as the senior Moslem prince in the Dutch East Indies. Yet he and his lesser lord, the Mangkoe Negoro of Surakarta, are true democrats who allow their homes to be shown to visitors at a few days' notice. On such festive days silver-bellied hawkers of queer food and mementoes glide among groups of courtiers: these are robed in gay sarong-skirts whose rich *batik* work is done by women artists with the wax-box. And those Household officers are marked out by their "flower-pot" hats of intricate embroidery.

A favourite trip by air-liner is across to Madan in the Sultanate of Deli. This is a trading centre which white merchants and planters frequent—English and American, besides Dutch, Belgian and Swiss. In these



BUFFALOES ARE USED FOR THE IRRIGATION OF THE RICEFIELDS IN THE NETHERLANDS EAST INDIES

Moslem parts one sees many a figure in silks of dazzling sheen. But if you focus a camera the "victim" greets it with a shy disarming smile and a soft murmur in Javan—"Nay, I pray thee"! So that portrait must be "off." Yet the visitor is repaid at dusk by a bewitching walk from palace to mosque along a moonlit lake with misty volcanoes and tinted sulphur pools close at hand.

The isle of Bali, that rarest of Eastern gems in Queen Wilhelmina's crown, came under her wise rule only in 1906, and quickly drew British and American tourists as a magnet of exotic charm. Nearly 1,000 years ago many Hindus fled from Java to Bali to escape the sworded creed of Mohammed, and local rulers of the old régime still act as Dutch Regents. Between these and the white officials exist ties of real affection.

Bali's steep sea-walls were within reach of the chief shipping-lines of both hemispheres. Its lure ran round the globe as an unspoiled romance of pre-war years, one that no poet or painter could resist. Here the sun is identified with Shiva, the "All-God" in a carefree cult of laughter, love and feasting. The people's creed is a true "Joy-in-life"; they pray for no heaven hereafter, but only to be reincarnated as Balinese devotees. Their girls, full-breasted

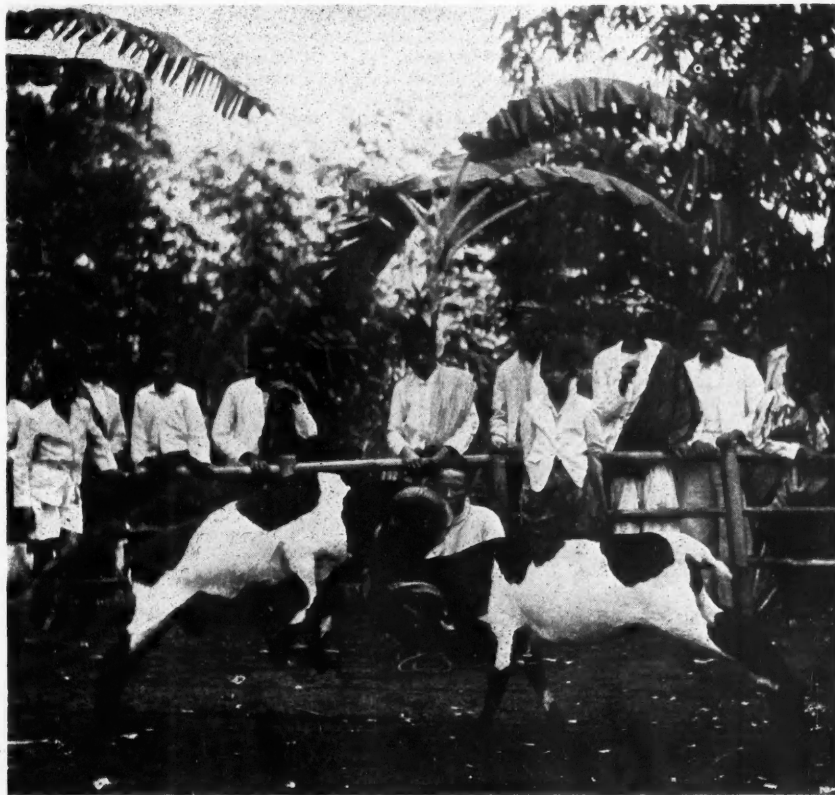
and golden-bodied, are modest and gentle to a degree. Dutch colonial policy has never favoured missionary work in this super-idyllic isle of dainty women and dream-like landscapes.

Approaching Bali from the air, I landed on the aerodrome of Djembaran to find an entrancing place of towering temples and

palaces where brown maids swayed in the *Djanger*-dance to weird music of pan-pipes, one-string fiddles and bronze gongs. Common folk rank here as the *wong jaba*, or "outsiders"; but all ranks spend their festive days in masked capers or fairy dramas.

First named Jong Holland, this Bali was long left alone out of sheer awe by the Dutch, who thought both island and people too good to be true. The white man, or *tuan*, with his wife and daughter were apt to be rated as kill-joys—or Citizens of Death in Balinese speech. Even the ricefields are slow in tempo, and the schooling of babes is without tears. Utter content is the way of life of smiling folk who murmur: "Better is one handful with quiet than both arms loaded to excess. Surely our light is sweet; and pleasant is it to bask in the sun."

Such are the Dutch East Indies, which have come sharply into the news since that grim Message to Congress which Mr. Roosevelt personally delivered on an "unprovoked and dastardly attack by Japan on Sunday, December 7," Mr. Churchill, too, in his Washington address spoke of Nippon's outrage as one "difficult to reconcile with prudence and sanity." But he added that we had in store for those yellow desecrators "A lesson which they and the world will never forget."



A RAM FIGHT, THE FAVOURITE SPORT IN ALL THE DUTCH ISLANDS

REPLANNING THE CITY

By SIR GILES GILBERT SCOTT, R.A.*

THOUGH I propose to confine my remarks on the replanning and reconstruction of London mainly to the physical and architectural aspects of the City and river, I must at least just touch upon some of the fundamental considerations that should precede the preparation of an actual plan. There must be legislation enabling requisition of, and complete unity of control over, properties required for these great building operations. The system of allowing speculation, private and vested interests, to assert their influence even when these greatly clash with the interests of the community, has proved a complete failure in the past, and it is, I think, now generally recognised that, if this great opportunity for improving London is to be adequately dealt with, the conditions which have hampered both building and road improvements in the past have got to be altered.

It is disheartening in looking back over its history to find how London has missed one fine opportunity after another, either through the obstruction of private and vested interests or financial difficulties. When experienced this to the full, yet, from the financial point of view only, what a grand investment his plan for re-building the City after the Great Fire would have been! Finance will indeed require bold handling; fortunately, this is wealth-producing capital expenditure, and the temporary creation of credits for this purpose would hardly seem to lead to the evils of inflation.

In considering costs, too much consideration is given to the initial cost; whereas the ultimate cost resulting from cheap and timid road planning is lost sight of; the accumulated cost of wasted time and petrol alone, due to traffic blocks and delays, spread over a very long period of years, must be prodigious. Yet it is ignored in considering estimates because it appears in no balance sheet.

Before any plan for the improvement of the City can be completed, it will be necessary to make important decisions on the location of factories, goods yards, markets, wharves and warehouses, of commercial, residential and office areas, the treatment of slums—all matters of the first importance.

The enormous outgrowth of London does seem to suggest decentralisation, and at least the location of goods centres would seem better outside the central hub and not in it. The ring roads proposed in the Bressey-Lutyens Report might well serve these goods centres, thus keeping a great deal of the goods traffic out of the busy central areas.

The Bressey Report points out that local modifications and alterations would no doubt have to be made to the road plan as first pro-

posed. The Royal Academy Planning Committee, under the chairmanship of the President, Sir Edwin Lutyens, has for some time been engaged upon a plan of London dealing principally with the main roads and their intersections, drafted in the Bressey Report, and the lay-out of the immediate surroundings of important buildings and monuments. It is hoped that this plan will prove of considerable use to those who will become officially responsible for preparing plans.

The Committee emphasises the aesthetic approach to the problem, which has for so many years now been sadly neglected by those responsible for road and other developments.

It is also felt that the development of modern motor traffic has introduced a factor which has never been squarely faced. A bold handling of this traffic problem is long overdue.

CITY STREETS REORGANISED

In preparing a plan for the City, dealing chiefly with the physical and architectural aspects of the problem, we have taken the main recommendations of the Bressey-Lutyens Report as a basis for the road plan. Any road plan prepared now must be based on the assumption that the overhead railways in the central and southern areas now generally recognised as out of date and a serious obstacle to any improvements in their vicinity, must eventually if not immediately be put underground, with loop terminals and underground connections with the existing tubes. An outstanding example of how railways in a large city should not be planned is the section running over Blackfriars Railway Bridge. The bridges over Ludgate Hill close to St. Paul's, and over Queen Victoria Street are bad enough, but these combined with the ugly railway bridge over the river, cheek by jowl with the road bridge, form a monstrous blot on our City that should no longer be tolerated.

The main roads through the City are, of course, entirely inadequate for the purpose they have to serve and a really great effort is called for to bring them up to modern standards. The small back streets and alleys, so characteristic of the City, could be retained; there is a charm and character about them, and the traffic requirements would be met if through traffic is kept out of them by the provision of good main routes adjoining. It is not desirable to Haussmannise the City, nor to adopt a grid-iron plan on the lines of New York; the City should be a blend of the old and the new, new work being mostly devoted to the improvement of main roads and important local centres. Traffic circuses should be formed at all points where the main routes intersect, traffic lights being reserved for minor intersections where the light-changing intervals can be shorter.

The main traffic routes should be wide enough to allow of cars and taxis being parked

down the centre. The cars that remain parked all day, owned by persons working at their offices near by, could be accommodated in back areas and garages, but the cars of those merely calling at offices for an hour or so require a parking space outside their destinations, and, if possible, in the road outside.

In the past we have unfortunately been compelled by our inadequate roads to adopt a policy of prohibition; traffic has had to be made to fit the roads instead of roads being made to fit the traffic. A negative policy of this kind is no longer possible; the main routes have got to be handled drastically, boldly, and expensively; there is no other way out. Various matters relating to roads have got to be considered, such as the provision of tunnels for the necessary services, light, water, gas, etc.; the antiquated system of burying these in the earth, digging them up and re-burying them, has got to be abandoned. The provision of hot water as a regular public service should be considered; it would greatly assist smoke abatement and would meet a great public need.

The equipment of our roads wants simplifying. I refer to the lamp-posts, traffic signs, kiosks, pillar-boxes, sand-boxes, etc.; these should be combined as far as possible, so as to reduce the number of units, and an effort made to simplify and to tidy up our streets.

Advertisements and shop signs need to be more controlled; they impart a ragged and untidy character to our streets. In spite of some half-hearted attempts to control advertisements, there are still many atrocious examples of vulgarity that are a disgrace to our City; these ought not to be allowed.

THE GUILDHALL

For many years now the City Corporation has had under consideration the improvement of the area immediately around the old Guildhall itself. The buildings consist of Corporation offices, Council Chamber, Members' rooms, Law Courts, Library, and Art Gallery, etc.; these form, in fact, a Civic Centre. Unfortunately, the group of important buildings have been erected piecemeal and with no regard to a general plan, the result being an extraordinary jumble of odds and ends—I say "extraordinary," but I am afraid this group of buildings was a typical product of its time.

In recent years, however, the Corporation, with bigger vision and greater boldness, realised, even before the war, that this method of tinkering, adapting and adding to worn-out buildings could no longer be followed, and plans were prepared for the redevelopment of the whole site.

The recent destruction of nearly all these buildings has made it clear, even to those who opposed their demolition, that a big replanning of the site is not only desirable but unavoidable.

The opportunity may never occur again of forming a Civic Centre, worthy of the City and its great traditions, and with the old mediæval hall enshrined in its centre restored to an even greater beauty than it possessed before the "blitz." At present this is possible, for it is a surprising fact that the fire swept away all the Gothic Revival work and left the original mediæval work practically unscathed.

The whole site upon which these Guildhall buildings will stand should be boldly and imaginatively reshaped; a grand island site could be created, of sufficient size to enable all the required buildings to be planned in a dignified and spacious manner. The idea of incorporating in this group a new Mansion House, in place of the one now situated at the Bank, had been talked of even before the war, there being certain obvious disadvantages in the present building and its situation.

St. Lawrence Jewry Church, though badly damaged, is assumed to be restored, in view of its historical association with the Guildhall; a balancing block of buildings on the opposite side of the entrance to the courtyard is proposed, to give an impressive entrance and a sense of privacy and seclusion to the precincts of the Guildhall itself. The site takes its place at the end of an improved direct approach from



THE CITY LOOP-WAY, AS PROPOSED IN THE BRESSEY-LUTYENS REPORT

Extends from Blackfriars to the Tower, in continuation of Victoria Embankment; thence via Crutched Friars—Duke Street—London Wall to Wood Street; from there by a new cut to Aldersgate Street, across Bartholomew Close into Farringdon Street, and so back to Blackfriars. [Indicated by 3-3 on plan; 4. Aldgate by-pass; 22. Blackfriars—King's Cross—Holloway]

Southwark Bridge, and is extended back to the Bressey Ring Road. Whether the whole area would be needed depends upon requirements, but it is capable of sub-division, and there are, of course, many other ways in which the site could be adapted to the area required. I feel confident that this time the City is not going to lose an opportunity unique and destined to be historical even in the great, long and glorious history of our beloved City.

THE BANK CIRCUS

The road junction at the Bank is the most important and largest in the City, no fewer than seven roads meeting at this point, and any adequate treatment of this traffic concentration is going to prove difficult and expensive; yet so important and far-reaching influence on city traffic puts it in a category by itself. The formation of a traffic circus is made difficult by the existence of important buildings and the extremely difficult alignment of Queen Victoria Street. This is a comparatively new road, planned before traffic circuses were adopted, when it was no doubt considered good practice to avoid adding to traffic congestion at these points by avoiding the road junctions already existing.

The construction of the Bressey Ring Road alongside the river could, of course, render the western portion of Queen Victoria Street far less important as a main traffic route, and consequently its awkward junctions at each end of this section would not seriously matter. But the eastern section presents very serious difficulties. Of course, if it were decided to remove the Mansion House to the Guildhall, this would make possible a new short length of road to join up the circuses at each end, St. Stephen's Walbrook, being opened up to the street.

At Blackfriars Bridge the abolition of the overhead railway would make possible the formation of a traffic circus at the bridge-head and an enlargement of Ludgate Circus; this not only gives a better traffic intersection and makes it possible to open up St. Bride's Church, but also greatly improves the approach to St. Paul's up Ludgate Hill.

ST. PAUL'S

The surroundings of St. Paul's are, of course, lamentable, and the history of this disheartening muddle is typical of much London development, or lack of development. Those with power have failed to tackle these matters with bigness, imagination and foresight; those with imagination and foresight have had no power; they have been dismissed as visionaries and impractical dreamers, yet events have proved them to have been more practical than their critics.

Sir Christopher Wren is only one of these. Even his plan for a piazza immediately around St. Paul's came to nothing. In this, the open area around the Cathedral is not large, but the buildings are low, about 50ft., and the uniform design, with its colonnades, would have provided a noble setting for the Cathedral. The lopsided entrance of Ludgate Hill is cleverly balanced by the introduction, on the central axis, of a chapter house or baptistry, giving the effect of two entrances at this end of the piazza.

Though the colonnades might have been criticised in Wren's time, the enormous developments in artificial lighting and the preference of many shopkeepers for an unvarying and controlled light for the display of goods renders this treatment quite possible for modern requirements, and I am surprised it has not been adopted more in recent times, especially for road-widening purposes, where it only reduces the area of the ground floor and leaves the floor areas above and below unaltered.

In replanning the areas around St. Paul's, already largely cleared by Hitler, it is desirable to retain two of Wren's buildings in the vicinity: the Deanery and the Chapter House in the Churchyard; the retention of these two buildings will largely influence the "lay-out."

BUILDING HEIGHTS

The height of buildings in the vicinity of St. Paul's has received some attention in recent years; certainly the extreme importance of keeping down the height of buildings in this area cannot be over-emphasised; we have only to look at the view of St. Paul's from, say, Waterloo Bridge or the south side of the

Thames to see the disastrous effect of allowing some high buildings in the vicinity of the Cathedral.

A certain building in Queen Victoria Street is a glaring example, erected, I regret to say, by a Government department, free from the restrictions of height laid down by the City for the very purpose of preventing this kind of thing. Two or three storeys ought to be removed from this building, but there are other examples that one has only to view from the river bridges to condemn as obvious blunders, some with their white glazed brick backs towering high into the skies.

The height of building frontages in the main streets should be so controlled as to give a height proportionate to the width of the street; narrow back streets need not be governed by the same rules, as narrow streets with comparatively high buildings are not only necessary but somehow have a character that a wide street of similar proportions never has.

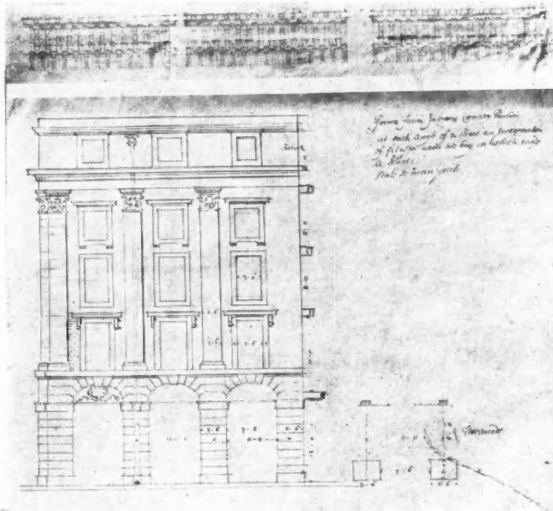
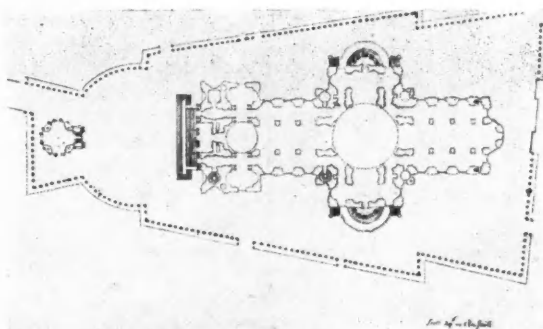
In framing laws governing the heights of buildings, I hope architects will be more consulted. The influence of by-laws on the character of towns is very great. For instance, the law limiting the height of buildings to 80ft. and two storeys in a sloping roof has had the effect of producing many so-called roofs on buildings, the roofs being merely slightly sloping walls, covered with slates or tiles, with dormer windows. The effect is thoroughly bad and is found all over London. In these days of flat roofs and set-backs, freedom within a prescribed angle is found to be a more suitable form of control.

In buildings facing our main routes the maximum height at which the first set-back must be made vitally affects the character and proportion of the street. The whole question of building-heights cannot be considered as a question of light and air only; other considerations come into it. In New York, the architects, in recent years, have been asked to frame the regulations, and I should like to see the architects here having a great deal more interest in the matter than they have had in the past. There are a number of points that require attention. For instance, the treatment of sides and backs of buildings exposed to view either from afar or near seems to receive little or no attention at present. Lift-houses, ventilation plants, etc., on roofs, jumbled up anyhow on the skyline, produce a distressing effect and completely ruin the distant views; these features should be embodied neatly in the design of the building as a whole. All these matters and many others affecting the appearance of our City are being reported upon by the R.A. Planning Committee.

CITY CHURCHES

The character of the City depends to so great an extent upon the City churches that they must be very carefully considered in any reconstruction scheme. A large number have been gutted, but it is surprising how the towers have survived, and I hope that these will be preserved even in such cases where it is decided not to re-build the body of the church.

It is impossible to lay down any general rules; each case must be considered on its merits, but it is essential that where damage is not overwhelming these churches should be preserved and restored, and no high blocks of buildings be allowed in their immediate vicinity. The beauty and religious significance of these delicate gems of architecture, soaring above the roof-tops of man's habitations and commercial buildings, are lost, and indeed they become ridiculous, if they are buried, overtopped and overwhelmed by great blocks of City offices.



WREN'S PLAN AND ELEVATION FOR AN ARCADED PIAZZA ROUND ST. PAUL'S

This was never carried out; as a result, "the surroundings of St. Paul's are lamentable"

I hope the proposal to remove some of these churches to the suburbs will not be adopted; designed, as they are, for a special setting, with a keen appreciation of their immediate surroundings, and planned for a type of congregational worship not particularly suited to modern ideas, they would lose too much if torn from their context and historical associations.

THE RIVER

London has not taken advantage of her river; apart from the Victoria Embankment, no great effort has been made to develop this superb natural feature. As usual, it has been much talked about and fine proposals have, from time to time, been made, but nothing has come of these.

The improvement of the south bank has been discussed for more than a century. I believe Napoleon, at the end of his days at St. Helena, confided to his doctor that had he captured London, he would have opened up St. Paul's to the river and constructed embankment roads on both banks. Sir Charles Barry about a century ago, in his great "lay-out" plan of Westminster, showed a south embankment and a new bridge at Charing Cross.

For the last 100 years or more London's development has been in the hands of so-called practical men, and, paradoxically, the result has been a City that in many vital aspects is sadly inefficient. A short vision and a "penny wise and pound foolish" policy have characterised our petty efforts for too long; we have got to plan boldly and expensively. Have we the courage, bigness and determination to do it? Before the war I should have said "No," but the war has loosened men's minds, giving them a bigger perspective, reduced the number of "No-men," and given us unique opportunities. If I were asked now if the City has the necessary courage, bigness of vision, and determination to deal adequately with this great opportunity, I should answer emphatically "Yes."

LANGLEYS, ESSEX—II

THE HOME OF
MR. JOHN JOLLIFFE TUFNELL

Samuel Tufnell, who built the house in 1719, incorporated two rooms richly decorated with plasterwork by the Everards in about 1621

WHEN the young and rich Mr. Tufnell bought the old home of the Everards in 1711, he was 29 and evidently of an original and intelligent disposition. For in Queen Anne's reign very few people cared for native antiquities or old-fashioned things, yet Samuel Tufnell took much care to preserve, and incorporate in his new house, two elaborately pargetted rooms which occupy, as presumably they did when he found them, the north wing of the house, at right angles to the main block containing the hall. He refaced it to accord with the rest of the house, setting blind windows in the second storey which is occupied by the high barrel-vaulted ceiling of the library, and balanced the wing thus formed by another at the opposite end of the front (Fig. 1). The only important alteration that he made to the rooms was to give them sash windows like the rest of the house, which of course involved removing the mullioned windows and the heraldic glass that they contained. But he made a careful note of each panel, as he also did of those in the windows of the hall and chamber over it



1.—THE ENTRANCE FRONT WITH THE REFACED JACOBEOAN WING ON THE RIGHT

which he pulled down. His notes are in an exercise book, containing MS. particulars of "The History of Waltham magna or Much Waltham" together with pedigrees of the principal families in the parish, many of whom had inter-married with the Everards, and transcripts of their epitaphs in the village church.

Just as the Queen Anne house thus enshrines something of the Elizabethan and Jacobean Everards, the name "Langleys" preserves that of John Langley who did

homage for the manor early in the fifteenth century. Previously it bore the name of Marshal's, Marischal's, or Maskalls, after the family in possession of the manor from about 1200. A William le Marischal was here in Edward III's reign and held the manor of the lords of Pleshey Castle, two miles away westwards on the edge of the Rodings and, until its destruction after the Reformation, the most important place in the neighbourhood. Its huge mound and ditch, the latter



2.—THE OLD LIBRARY, ON THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE NORTH WING

still spanned by a remarkable brick bridge of a single wide Gothic arch, are all that remains of the castle of the de Mandevilles, Earls of Essex, which went through the de Bohuns, Earls of Hereford, to Thomas of Woodstock, youngest son of Edward III and Earl of Gloucester. It was at Pleshey that Richard II treacherously arrested his uncle Gloucester and despatched him to a mysterious death at Calais. There is no indication that the honor of Marshal's was connected with the great William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, an early Plantagenet times, whose title of Earl Marshal was descended to the Dukes of Norfolk; nor that his humbler namesakes' disappearance here had anything to do with the King's seizure of Pleshey. By the end of the fifteenth century, Langleys, as it was then called, had been divided between Cornishes and Slixtons who had of the Duchy of Lancaster, but, in Henry VII's reign, Thomas Everard of Much Waltham reunited it by marrying the only daughter of the Cornishes of Langleys and buying the Slixton moiety in 1529.

The Everards, who thus established themselves at Langleys for 200 years, were an Essex family tracing back to the thirteenth century. Thomas's fourth son, Richard, who succeeded him and lived till 1561, married Elizabeth, daughter of a certain Richard Stephens. Samuel Tufnell found the arms of Cornishe and Stephens

in the upper Paine of ye Chamber Window over ye Hall. In ye Hall Windows fronting ye Westward were several Inscriptions in Gothick Characters at ye lower end of ye Paines, but torn and mutilated.

There were also panes decorated, no doubt in black and yellow stain, with pomegranates, fleurs-de-lis, Crown Imperials, and roses, implying a date in Henry VIII's reign. The inscriptions recorded appear to have been domestic aphorisms of the kind occasionally found in the early Tudor period, which the spelling confirms. The most nearly perfect one used to read:

Do: no: Syne: that er: trust.
here: Thou levest: as a: gest.
of: thy Spying: be not: so bold.
After: thy: rentys: mantin: thi:
household.

(Do no sin that (?) trust.
Here thou livest as a guest.
Of thy spending be not so bold.
According to your income maintain your household.)

On the hall chimney "without in ye back yard" (presumably the present forecourt (fig. 1), opposite the hall windows "facing ye Westward") were the Everard arms carved in stone. The implication is that the house demolished by Tufnell had a single storey hall with a great chamber over it, probably of half-timber construction, built or reconstructed about 1530.

Thomas Everard was succeeded in 1561 by his grandson Richard, born 1540, died 1617, who married a Miss Wyseman of Great



3.—THE LIBRARY CHIMNEYPIECE

The reliefs represent the Five Senses with their emblems, and an episode in the story of Tobias in the central shield

Waltham. His eldest son, Anthony, was created a knight, married twice (Anne, daughter, of Sir Thomas Barnardiston of Ketton, Suffolk, and Anne, daughter of Sir Anthony Felton, K.B., of Playford, Suffolk), but predeceased his father in 1614; his only surviving child by the first marriage was a daughter, who married Sir William Maynard, first Lord Maynard of Great Easter. The alabaster effigies of Sir Anthony and his first wife lie on a noble tomb in the church. It was therefore his brother Hugh who succeeded to Langleys in 1617. He had been born in 1576, was High Sheriff of Essex in 1626, and died in 1637, having married a Miss Brand or Bond of Great Hornead, Hertfordshire. As

in the case of his elder brother, Hugh Everard's son Richard was also honoured during his father's lifetime, being made a baronet in 1628 when he was only 21. The latter married Joan, daughter of Sir Francis Barrington, Bt., and, in spite of his early favour with Charles I, lived to declare himself for the Parliament. Morant, the Essex historian, accounts for this disloyalty by relating that

two of the daughters that lived with Sir Richard were deeply prejudiced in favour of the Parliament against the King and engaged him in the same measures, so that he was a Committee-man.

This genealogising has been necessary because it covers the period when the



4, 5.—ARE THESE IMPRESSIVE FIGURES, IN THE ENDS OF THE LIBRARY CEILING, JACOBEOAN OR EARLY GEORGIAN IMITATION ?

magnificent plasterwork in the two rooms of the north wing, and presumably the wing itself, was executed. Which of these Everards was responsible for it? Samuel Tufnell says that when he first knew the rooms, the west windows of the parlour contained four coats of arms: Cornish; Everard quartering Cornish and an unidentified coat; Everard; and the same unidentified coat, all dated 1621; and that "the ceiling of curious Frett-Work" contained (1) Everard impaling Barrington, (2) Maynard impaling Everard, (3) Everard impaling Barnardiston, (4) Everard impaling Wiseman, (5) Everard impaling Stephens, (6 and 8) Everard impaling Cornishe, (7) the unidentified coat. In 1621, the date on the glass, Hugh Everard, later High Sheriff, was squire of Langleys; his

elder brother Sir Anthony was dead, as was the latter's wife Anne Barnardiston; his own son Richard was aged 14, but may have been married in youth to Joan Barrington; but there is no mention of a baronet's badge on his coat as there would have been after 1628. Hugh's niece, Anne—so her arms on the ceiling imply—was already married to Sir William Maynard. Thus the heraldry recorded by Samuel Tufnell (though he replaced that on the ceiling with his own) is consistent with a date between about 1620 and 1628, with graceful allusions to Hugh Everard's deceased elder brother and to his ancestors. Perhaps it was a celebration of Hugh's High Sheriffdom in 1626. Its authorship would be settled if only the coat that puzzled Samuel Tufnell could be identified: sable a chevron

argent between three cinquefoils of the second pierced sable. The presumption is that it represents his wife, whose name is variously given as Brand or Bond, but it is not contained in Papworth and corresponds to no families of that name.

The ceiling heraldry was on shields framed in enriched bands on that of the ground-floor room (Fig. 6), "the parlour" in Tufnell's notes, now known as the old dining-room. The ceiling preserves an old, possibly the original, colouring of its flat ground—a very pale pink; the design consists in a framework of bands enriched with vine trails and pomegranates, with elaborate strapwork ornaments in the interspaces. A somewhat similar design, as regards its component ornaments, occurs in the Vicarage, Tottenham, which is one of the very few signed and dated examples of plasterwork, bearing the name "Joseph Fenton 1620." Another close counterpart is at Boston House, Middlesex, dated 1623—both significantly close to Langleys in place and in date.

Two of the finest plaster overmantels of this period occur in these two rooms. That of the old dining-room (Fig. 8) symbolises Peace and Plenty, with two large comfortable seated figures on a scale more fashionable in the previous generation (*cf.* the great friezes at Hardwick Hall).

The fireplace itself, together with the moulded decoration of the walls, is later work carefully assimilated to the Jacobean style. It closely resembles the ornament on the saloon chimney-piece due to Tufnell in 1719, and would therefore seem to represent a remarkable instance of early Georgian sympathy with Jacobean decoration. The present decoration of the room carries on the colour scheme of the ceiling: pale pink and white with curtains of old faded pink damask.

Tufnell's notes do not refer to the upper room (Fig. 2). In 1792, cash to the value of £150,000 and three caskets of jewels were found hidden behind the panelling, the money the proceeds of a holding in "The Funds" which his grandson invested in further additions to the Langleys estate. It is an unusually beautiful room, as recently redecorated by Mr. J. J. Tufnell: the original wainscoted walls painted white, and white



6.—THE OLD DINING-ROOM ON THE GROUND FLOOR

Another rich Jacobean ceiling and fireplace, with pale pink walls enriched subsequently in white stucco imitating Jacobean motifs

and cream damask curtains, the same beige and carmine carpet as is shown in an early nineteenth-century water-colour of the room, old oak and walnut furniture, and the faded gilding of the ceiling. This lightness of colouring attractively counteracts the weight of ornament that is sometimes oppressive in rooms of this epoch with dark paneling. The wagon roof is again conceived as consisting in a framework of richly modelled bands, which here acquire a semblance of structural purpose. The strapwork ornament in the inter-spaces has become a secondary design underlying the heavier ribs. In the crown of the vault are three partly gilt little pendants typical of the style.

The chimneypiece (Fig. 3) is even more sumptuous than that in the room below, with an overmantel relief introducing the Five Senses and an episode in the story of Tobias. The Senses are represented by female figures with the emblems and creatures conventionally associated with them in contemporary Flemish patterns: Sight with a mirror, attended by an eagle; Hearing, playing a lute, with a stag; Smell, with a vase of flowers and a dog;

Taste, with a basket of fruit and a monkey; and in the top centre, Touch holding a bird. Groups of the Senses with identical emblems but differently treated occur in Kew Palace and on a chimneypiece now in the Assize

Court, Bristol, among other places. At Boston House they figure on the ceiling individually. These graceful seated figures have a close affinity to those found in some contemporary alabaster monuments, notably Maximilian Colt's to the Earl of Salisbury at Hatfield. The central shield, at first sight representing Jonah and the Whale, illustrates Tobit vi, 4.

Then the angel said, Open the fish and take the heart and the liver and the gall, and put them up safely.

The size of the fish, even though it nearly ate Tobias, is so exaggerated that there is plenty of room for him and the angel and Tobias's dog on its back. The relevance, if any, of the episode, less to the Senses than to the fireplace, is possibly to be found in vi. 7, where the angel explains the use of the fish's heart and liver as a charm:

If a devil or an evil spirit trouble any, we must make a smoke

and the party shall be no more vexed thereof. The conception and treatment of this shield is similar to reliefs on overmantels at Charlton House, Greenwich (1623), some of which were copied from designs for ornamental panels published by Abraham de Bruyn. Similarly the term figures on either side have a general resemblance to patterns published by Vriedman de Vries in the late sixteenth century. At this period Antwerp, the commercial centre of western Europe with Rubens as its arch-salesman, teemed with more or less skilful hands disseminating themes of mannered decoration which, through emigrant craftsmen or printed patterns, found their way into almost every part of England.

The lunettes formed by the wagon roof at either end of the room are filled with a strapwork pattern centred in a finely modelled figure: in one case *Doctrina* (Fig. 4), in the other an angel holding a shield of the Tufnell arms (Fig. 5).

The arms, and perhaps their mantling, must be eighteenth-century work, but it is difficult to decide whether the whole composition is also of that period, or contemporary with the ceiling: in either case it would be exceptional. From the resemblance of the drapery treatment to that of the Senses, I am inclined to believe it is of the earlier date, the differences in handling being due to the modeller, in this case, having no pattern before him and being therefore compelled to draw upon his inherited traditions of late Gothic form.

The two oak bookcases between the windows (Fig. 2), with the Tufnell shield in the pediment, probably belonged to Samuel Tufnell's father. They are of an early form, being simplified versions of the type which Samuel Pepys had made in 1666, but none the less admirable for that. Indeed, in proportions, beauty of moulding, and serviceableness, they might have been designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



7.—THE LIBRARY CEILING. AN OUTSTANDING EXAMPLE OF JACOBEOAN PLASTERWORK



8.—CHIMNEYPIECE OF THE OLD DINING-ROOM
"Peace" and "Plenty." The whole fireplace arch, as in the case of that in the room above (Fig. 3), is a clever early nineteenth-century insertion

NEW YEAR EXHIBITIONS

SEVERAL exhibitions opened in London early in January. We cannot hope for a Winter Exhibition of Old Masters, but the National Gallery has arranged a very interesting show of the works of two outstanding living masters, Jack Yeats and Sir William Nicholson. The first of these is far too little known in England. The brother of William Butler Yeats, the poet; he is an Irishman. His paintings are filled with a wild strain of romance and this is expressed in a rather turbulent technique and a fierce intensity of colour.

In his introduction to the catalogue Sir Kenneth Clark suggests that the only thing the two painters have in common is their youth and independence. "As they grow older both of them grow fresher, more experimental and more surprised at what they see; by the time they are ninety they will be reckless." The last adjective is certainly true of Yeats, but not of Nicholson, who is one of the most fastidious and careful of painters. It has been related of him that he used to paint in spotless white ducks, and his pictures certainly give the impression of clean precision, exquisite colour and very deliberate brushwork,



MRS. STRAFFORD OF PARADISE ROW

By Sir William Nicholson, 1906
Lent by Lord Cowdray

and show that he never puts brush to canvas thoughtlessly or without adding materially to the beauty of his design.

It is the first time that a comprehensive collection of his paintings has been officially shown in London, and he certainly deserves the honour that has already been paid to Sickert. A larger exhibition of his works was held in the Nottingham Castle Museum in 1933, and many of the works now shown in the National Gallery were exhibited there. It is significant that while the first exhibitions held at the National Gallery since the beginning of the war were drawn entirely from private collections, this time the Tate Gallery and some of the provincial galleries have lent pictures.

After passing through the rooms in which the wild swirls of Jack Yeats's brush-work express all the exuberance of Irish life, it is restful to fix the eyes on one of Nicholson's most characteristic paintings, *The Hundred Jugs*, lent by the Walker Gallery, Liverpool. The rendering of beautiful texture and colour has always been Nicholson's chief aim in painting. *Charing the Morris Dancer*, one of the earliest paintings in the exhibition, still echoes the very original poster style created by Nicholson and his brother-in-law, the late James Pryde, when they made their début as the Beggarstaff Brothers. The same bold method of using flat silhouettes appears in Nicholson's



BLACK SWANS AT CHARTWELL. By Sir William Nicholson
Lent by Mrs. Winston Churchill

lithographs, some of which are shown in the last room, where a few of the broadsheets published by the Cuala Press with Yeats's illustrations to ballads with gipsies and pirates are interspersed between Nicholson's famous portraits of Queen Victoria and Sarah Bernhardt and his stately views of the Colleges of Oxford.

Some of Nicholson's most recent paintings are softly luminous views of Malaga. His portraits of Professor George Saintsbury, W. E. Henley, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, and Miss Gertrude Jekyll (as well as the picture of her boots) are included, and of course, the chief delight of the exhibition are his beautiful still-life paintings.

The Leicester Galleries are holding their customary New Year Exhibition, and the Royal Academy has opened the second

United Artists' Exhibition. The effects of two years' war are clearly seen in the latter. Most of the younger artists are fighting, and few have had time to paint recently. The general effect of the Exhibition is rather "old-fashioned." This does not mean that there are not many pleasant pictures to be found on the walls, and the black and white section in the Architecture Room in particular will repay careful examination.

Pictures of topographical interest, many of them with tragic associations, showing famous buildings before or after destruction, are prominent features: a study of St. Paul's from Cannon Street by James Wilkie, revealing the magnificent outline of the dome, and a picture of the interior by Walcot showing the first damage sustained by the cathedral. The charm of Chelsea is recorded in a pleasant picture, *Cheyne Walk from*



SUNFISH. By Sir William Nicholson, 1935.
Lent by the Contemporary Art Society

Turner's House by J. Hodgson Lobley (541), and in *Chelsea Embankment* by Herbert Budd (695) in which the ghost of Whistler seems to be walking.

A number of pictures of concerts in Queen's Hall will doubtless recall happy memories to music-lovers, and the pictures of gay crowds in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens also take the mind back to pre-war days. Algernon Newton has sent two outstanding works in his crisp architectural style. One is a view of London from Buckingham Palace, a stately panorama of the Mall with the City churches in the distance, and the other is a corner of Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, emphasising the dignity of Regency architecture. Hesketh Hubbard's picture of Bridgnorth Bridge is painted in a similar precise manner, excellently composed, and hangs, together with the Algernon Newtons, in the Large Gallery.

There are a number of decorative paintings, some in tempera, a few nudes of rather classical character—and here the large *Cornish Venus* by A. K. Lawrence and the *Study for Statuary* by Lord Methuen call for special mention—a delightful interior in the Dutch manner by Harold Knight, *Brick a Brack* (588), many pleasant landscapes, including one by Steer and one by Sir Walter Russell, and a few abstractions, which may puzzle the ordinary Academy-goers without disturbing the harmony of the Exhibition. M. C.



GARDEN AT TWILIGHT. By Charles Oppenheimer, R.S.A.
From the United Artists' Exhibition

UPS AND DOWNS OF FLIGHTING

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

BEYOND the chain of sandhills, which forms a natural sea wall, mud is the predominant feature. Between high-water mark and the fringe of the ebb tide lie the only "game preserves" to which all-comers have free access and equal sporting rights. Once in every twelve hours this no-man's land is under water, and when that happens in the daylight it is of little use to anyone except the native punter in the creeks. For only when twilight is merging into dusk and darkness giving way to dawn does the shore shooter come into his own.

These are the zero hours when wildfowl, incoming from the mud-flats as the tide engulfs them, or flying out again to feed when it is on the ebb, may be vulnerable—perhaps. Though one of the certainties—and incidentally the only one—in waiting for the flights is that only a small percentage of the birds, whose movement can be heard, will be visible at all, and that most of those one does see will be far too high to kill.

And yet a peculiar charm attaches to long vigils on the flats. As one seeks the shelter of a tidal creek the darkness gathers; lights begin to flicker in the cottages along the saltings, and the distant hoot of a car seems only to intensify one's remoteness from the busy world. The moon begins to cast fitful shadows on the marsh; there is not a sound above the moaning of the wind. Even the spaniel at one's feet shifts a little restlessly as though subconsciously affected by the silence brooding over all.

Then almost imperceptibly the tension is relaxed. There comes a faint swish of wings as a belated snipe drops suddenly into the marsh only a few yards away, and every sense is instantly alert. For the tide is on the turn; one can hear the water lapping in the near-by creek, and soon the ducks will begin to make their nightly change of quarters. Will they pass high overhead out of harm's way, or, more happily, lowered by the off-shore wind, will they loom up against the moon-flecked clouds

"as large as life and twice as natural"?—that is the all-important question of the moment.

This is flight shooting proper; even in seasonable weather, the trickiest, and very often, be it confessed, the most disappointing, sport of all the year. It does not last long; the actual flight may in fact be over in less than half an hour, but in that brief period is all the concentrated excitement of a whole day at driven game. The utter loneliness of one's surroundings, the sound of wing-beats in the upper air, the straining of eyes and ears into the darkness, the occasional false alarm, and then at last the glimpse of feathered bodies flashing overhead—all these elements combine to fascination which the written word does not convey. Then, too, one pits individual patience and resource, without the reinforcement of artificial aids, against the inherent instincts of the wariest birds that fly.

As acute of hearing as they are of sight, past masters in the art of spotting anything unnatural in the landscape, duck and wild-geese are of all birds the most desperately cunning. So, just as the fowler shapes his hide to harmonise with its surroundings, deep enough for complete concealment, yet not so deep as to restrict easy gun-play to front and rear, so does he don his most inconspicuous, his oldest and, be it emphasised, his warmest garments. Camouflage is his supreme asset, and, however brilliant his marksmanship may be, no gun ever built for the heaviest ammunition will avail the restless shooter. Success comes only to those whose art in self-concealment is equalled by their capacity for keeping still.

And so one watches, waits and wonders, until suddenly it comes, a long-drawn-out "whee-ou." From somewhere out in the darkness, right, left, or centre, one cannot tell, a flight of wigeon is heading inland. One flattens instinctively against the shelving bank, gun down, as the sound of wing-beats grows in volume, and then half left but well out of shot the pack is clearly outlined in the sky. No

luck, but wait! Four laggards are following close up, when something turns them. Two shots ring out and two birds crash into the marsh while the others climb in a split second another hundred feet and are lost in the darkness.

And now the ducks come fairly thick and fast. A single mallard is badly missed, but a bunch of teal are not so lucky. They are making for a pool close up against the creek, and three birds fall to two barrels just as they are coming down to settle. Farther along the saltings other gunners are at work, and the ducks soon tumble evidently to the fact that there are several ambushes prepared for their discomfiture. For, despite the wind, the next few flights are very high, and mostly far too wide to shoot with any reasonable prospects of a kill, and although in the far distance one hears the clanging of wild geese one gets not a sight of any of the skeins. For 10 minutes more at intervals one hears the swish of wings—odds of all sorts making for their inland resting places as the tide sweeps in apace—but one knows instinctively that it is no use waiting any longer.

Still, one is not altogether sorry to stretch cramped limbs and restore a little circulation, and five ducks make quite a satisfactory bag. For this is no pot-hunting of the *dilettante* type; it is an uncertain sport at best, and not too easy shooting even if the flights come kindly. Sometimes one may not see a solitary duck in several nights of vigil, though one hears them in their hundreds overhead; sometimes one gets a single shot and misses it, sometimes—most tantalising of all—one sees a dozen flights, yet cannot fire because they are so vaguely outlined that one dare not risk simply pricking several without a chance of one clean kill.

Yet, however many blanks one draws, the fascination of the game persists. Flight shooting calls for illimitable patience and indifference to physical discomfort, yet, strange as it may seem, however meagre his reward, the fowler rates it a good deal higher than game in abundance driven to his gun.

LONG SWINGS AND SHORT

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

NOWADAYS on the very few occasions on which I hit a golf ball it is only quite casually. I take some balls in my pocket and an iron masquerading as a walking-stick, and if I see a field free of long grass or cows I say in the manner of Mr. Wemmick: "Halloa! here's a field. Let's have a shot in it." I do not dress up for the purpose in the now orthodox woolly or jumper: I hit these shots, just as we all used to hit them once, dressed like ordinary dull Christian gentlemen in coats. I have been wondering whether, if I am alive to play a little golf again after this war is over, I shall as a consequence play it coated once again. It was during the last war that I first played in a woolly, not because I wanted to, but because a military tunic was altogether too constricting for the purpose. As a result of that too easy-going woolly, or so I imagined, I fell into a bad habit of slicing. As soon as ever I was demobilised I put on a reasonably tight coat again, and behold! the slice disappeared as if by magic. What am I going to do now when, after many struggles, I have more or less learnt to play in a woolly?

I am still, as a true blue Tory, a little prejudiced against it. It has something of an undignified and unduly curtailed air as worn by the elderly and the plump. As I survey myself in a glass before setting out I am inclined to address my image as Mr. Pickwick did Mr. Tupman before the fancy dress breakfast: "You don't mean to say, Mr. Tupman, that it is your intention to put yourself into a green velvet jacket with a two-inch tail?" However it is admittedly of no interest to anyone but myself what I wear and the coat has long since been doomed ever since the invading hosts from America first appeared, looking so lithe, lissom and comfortable in their jumpers. Already we had been flirting with a greater freedom, with coats of stockinet and coats made, if I remember their title aright, with "pivot sleeves." Then the tide of jumpers came flooding in and it was all over in no time.

One rather curious little reflection on the subject does occur to me. Is it not rather odd that to-day when our golfers are so much freer than they were of any impeding garment, they swing the club a much shorter distance than they did when they were comparatively speaking tied up? I pick my words with some care; I do not say that they swing less freely than of old, for they do not; but they swing much shorter. An era of tight coats and long swings has been followed, rather paradoxically as it would appear, by one of loose woollies and short swings. It used once to be said that the gutty ball needed a much fuller swing to get the most out of it than does the rubber-core. I am inclined to think that there is no foundation for this statement. If the modern player, brought up on a rubber-core, ever hits a gutty ball he does so with his natural swing, and there is certainly no lack of power to be detected. That theory will not do, and yet there is no question that men did on the average have longer swings than they do now. Our memories, if we are old enough, as well as our old photographs, tell us so. The man with a comparatively curtailed swing was once the exception among good players. Andrew Kirkaldy's swing, for instance, was deemed short, and it looked like a half-swing beside the long slashing typical St. Andrews swing of his brother Hughie. It would not be deemed anything out of the way now. There has clearly been a definite change of method, and I am perfectly prepared to believe that the modern players have discovered at once a surer and more effective one. I think, however, there is one definite reason for the change which is not generally appreciated.

If any reader of a theoretical turn of mind will look again at the *Elementary Instruction* in the Badminton book, he will find the words: "When the club, in the course of its swing away from the ball, is beginning to rise from the ground, and is reaching the horizontal with its head pointing to the player's right, it should be allowed to turn naturally in the right hand

until it is resting upon the web between the forefinger and thumb." If that reader will then try for himself this method of letting the club "flop," if I may so term it, at the top of the swing, he will find that the head of his club has probably gone a good deal farther than usual. Then if he will look at any professional of his acquaintance he will see that the club is not allowed to turn or "flop" to even the slightest extent in the right hand. It stays exactly where it has always been, gripped between the right forefinger and thumb.

I am convinced that here is at least one reason for the general and apparent shortening of swings. When Mr. Hutchinson wrote in the *Badminton*, men held the club with what is now called the "old-fashioned palm grip," and that letting the club rest upon the web at the base of the thumb came naturally to those using such a grip. I am not for a moment contending that he described the then current mode inaccurately. What I do say is that as soon as the finger grip and in particular the overlapping grip became the fashion the old method departed and with it the old advice applicable to it. I remember to have talked to Mr. Hutchinson about it once and he was hard to convince. He scarcely believed, I think, that players had come to hold the club immovable in their right hand; but there can be no question that they now do so; nor is there any question that with this method the swing is naturally shortened. One player in the old way comes into my head whom I hardly dare call modern since he is a little older even than I am; but he is modern by Badminton standards. This is Sherlock. He

has always had a "two-handed" grip and I remember his once telling that he felt as if his swing "could not finish itself out properly" unless the club enjoyed some liberty in his right hand.

Here is another illustration of my belief, not, I hope, without interest. The late Mr. Frank Woolley was a very fine golfer in the Midlands, who played for England before the last war and had, owing to illness, an all too short career. When I first knew him he was a schoolboy with a typical schoolboy's long "head over heels" swing. When after some years' interval I met him again he had the shortest swing I ever saw in a first-class player. I asked him the reason for this metamorphosis and he said that it had come to him quite unconsciously from the time when he had adopted the overlapping grip. No doubt he had let the club "flop" before and with the change of grip came this most noteworthy shortening of his swing. In his particular case the change was exceptional, almost exaggerated in extent, but I am fairly convinced that his was the right explanation, the more so as I experienced the same thing, in a much less marked degree, in my own case. I am afraid I may have been labouring a small point, one which may seem a dull one to those who are bored with technique; but I like a little theory myself sometimes and I hope a few others may like it too. After all it is pleasant to be reminded of the days when we wanted passionately to know "what we were doing wrong," and to look forward to happier days when we may do so again. Air and exercise are very well in their way, but golfing man cannot live by them alone.

WINTER BIRDS ON TWEED

ALIGHT powdering of snow on the hills had brought all the distance closer, and the world seemed smaller in the frosty sunshine, under a pale blue sky, as, after striking across the fields, I came down to the river. A view up the long reach above me, on which some swans were floating, and cygnets, still dingy-looking by contrast, showed a large party of duck in the shallows at the point of the island; and by the amount of white in their plumage they proclaimed themselves as golden-eye.

On a little spit of beach nearer to me, plover and gulls stood motionless. A shrill cry like the creak of an unoiled wheel heralded the arrival of a redshank, but against the grey stones on the far side of the water his plumage afforded such perfect camouflage that, once he alighted, it was difficult to follow his movements even through the glasses which, when focused on him, showed his bright legs so clearly.

A RIVERSIDE REFLECTION

The golden-eye, characteristically, flew off up-stream long before I got near them, but, farther on, a path among trees high above the river gave better opportunities for observation. Here the smooth water reflected the trees of a wooded bank on the farther side; a dark mirrored background which threw into strong relief the colours of any bird moving across it. Here I saw a duck which at a distance looked as spectacular as a male eider, a golden-eye whose body gleamed as though it were entirely white, while his head had an unusually large splash of white on each side, below the bright eye.

Flitting about the trees close to the path, a pair of Cole tits showed in the clear sunshine how near their colouring is to that of their cousin the Marsh tit, and a tree-creeper, flat against a green trunk, displayed the markings of its back and wings. At the end of the next reach I saw a small party of Tufted duck, drifting sideways and backwards on the current over a run of broken ripples, and in the distance just round the bend there were some more birds on the water whose appearance aroused excited speculation. Their bodies deeply submerged

and their heads long and flat, they introduced a suggestion of something fierce and strange in contrast to the homely little duck, like Viking ships sighted on an inland stream—goosanders or mergansers without a doubt.

As the path descended here to a level haugh, I kept the width of this haugh between me and the river until I judged that I had reached a point more or less opposite the birds, and then, taking advantage of slightly rising ground between me and them, I made a cautious advance towards the waterside. Dropping to the ground when half way across the haugh, I saw that there was a party of about 12 goosanders swimming and standing about in the shallows near the farther bank.

SIX BOLD BIRDS

As I gradually crawled forward there was a disappointing flutter of wings in flight, but to my surprise and relief my next view showed that only half the party had gone and that the six birds which remained displayed no signs of nervousness. Moving nearer by stages, I crawled right up to the river bank, with the birds just in front of me across the width of the stream. Here the rough ground made my lying position very uncomfortable, and, having watched them for some time, I took a risk and sat up in full view on the bank. Still they did not seem to take any notice of me. I could see even their eyes and the hooked shape of their red beaks. The four female birds, with their chestnut heads and grey plumage, contrasted strongly with the greenish black and white of the males. I remembered how once on a lake I had seen a small flotilla of goosanders which looked black and white at a distance until a golden-eye drifted across in front of them and, by the snowy whiteness of its breast, suddenly showed up the pale pink flush of the goosanders' plumage. I could see this colour again as a bird stood up to preen its feathers, sometimes flapping its wings and stretching its neck with head pointed skywards. At last I rose to my feet, and only then did they take the alarm, flying off down-stream and alighting again about a mile lower down, while I, with great satisfaction, set off for home. A.L.N.R.

CORRESPONDENCE

CHEAP FOOD AND PROSPERITY

From Commodore Sir R. Williams-Bulkeley, Bt.

SIR,—My thanks to you, and I am sure those of many farmers, for your excellent article *Cheap Food and Prosperity* (January 2).

One of the troubles we farmers suffer from is the fact that many writers such as those you have quoted in the *Economist* do not understand agriculture, and treat it as if it were much the same as any other business, manufacture, whereas it differs from them fundamentally, and is subject to natural laws that have little or no effect upon other businesses.

Even supposing that it is correct to say that it will be necessary to subsidise agriculture to the extent of £100,000,000 a year, it is worth that over and over again; but will it be necessary to find that sum in a few years to come? In my opinion it will not, for the land is now under process of being re-fertilised and the result must be, if the re-fertilisation is continued, greatly to increase production, which in turn should cheapen home-grown food.

Is it at all certain that foreign-grown food will continue in the future to be produced at the cheap rates that ruled in the past? What of the "dust bowls" of America and other countries? If these are to be reclaimed vast sums must be spent upon them, and the producing land will recede farther and farther from shipping ports, all of which is likely to increase cost of production.

I look upon the £200,000,000 not so much as a subsidy, but more as the cost of repairs incurred owing to past neglect, and I am firmly of opinion that a few more years of that expenditure will effect such improvement in fertility that a very much smaller sum will be necessary hereafter.

I cannot improve upon your excellent article, but thank you for it; all I would say is that I do think it important that townsmen should be made aware as far as is possible of the advantages of maintaining a healthy and prosperous agriculture; at present, I fear, their ideas are bounded by the butchers' and greengrocers' shops.

With the exception of fish there is no kind of human food that does not come either directly or indirectly off the land, but most people do not realise this.—R. WILLIAMS-BULKELEY, Pen-y-Parc, Beaumaris.

MR. CHURCHILL'S ANCESTRY

SIR,—If your correspondent, Mrs. Drake O'Grady, before writing had taken the trouble, as I suggested, to refer to the authorities quoted in my article she would have found that in disproof of her assertion the *Dictionary of National Biography* prints a statement by his contemporary Cooke, Clarenceux King of Arms, that Drake had the right "by just descent and prerogative of birth to bear the arms of Drake of Ash with the difference of a third brother, as I am informed by Bernard Drake of Ash, chief, of that coat-armour, and sundry others of that family, of worship and good credit." This Bernard, as Burke's *Extinct Baronetries* records, was great-grandfather of Elizabeth, wife of Sir Winston Churchill, and grandson of John Drake of Exmouth whom the *C.N.B.* identifies, on the authority of Nichols (*Genealogist*, viii, 478), as brother of Robert Drake, father of Sir Francis.

We are thus justified in adding the name of Sir Francis Drake to the list of those in Mr. Churchill's ancestry, including Alfred the Great, Henry II, William Marshall, Edward I, Talbot and Marlborough, who as leaders in moments of national crisis have rallied

the spirit of our people and united them in a common cause. It is true that Sir Francis discarded his ancestral coat of arms for a new one allusive to his own achievements in circumnavigating the globe; but the heralds incorporated in his newly granted crest the red dragon or fire-drake from his family shield.—E. A. GREENING LAMBORN, Littlemore, Oxford.

A PICTURE TO BE IDENTIFIED

From Lieut. Somerset de Chair, M.P.

SIR,—There can be little doubt that the figures in the picture which Sir

devolution, civilisation as we knew it will soon have disappeared. The world is fast becoming a single battlefield in which nothing of beauty matters, only weight of metal counts. There is much in the contrast between the combatants which is reminiscent of the struggle between Athens and Sparta, that lasted 30 years and ended in the defeat of Athens, and it is the supreme responsibility of all who love the enduring creations of man's genius to put forward an effort so superhuman that it will not only reverse the fate which overtook the Athenian democracy when it was pitted against a youth schooled to bear cheerfully

social necessities, both should be provided for, and each used exclusively for its respective purpose; at any rate children should not be brought up in flats. There is a very general family cycle which runs as follows: a young couple get married—a flat is well suited to their requirements socially and economically. In a few years they have children. They then obtain a home with garden. In time the children grow up and begin to move away on their several vocations in life. The old folk then find the house and garden to be too much of a tax on their energies and resources. They return to a flat which again becomes their most suitable habitat.

The above considerations suggest certain principles to be observed in systematic town planning. In my own city here, our zoning committee in reserving certain districts as "residential," adopted the principle that no part of a residential district should be more than about a quarter of a mile from certain social necessities or conveniences. These were, a local small shopping and service centre, a school, and a neighbourhood park in which an adequate community centre may be established. These were accordingly provided for, and the arrangement appears to have been wise and to be working out well. I am now beginning to think that we should have gone a step further by treating the apartment building as another necessary social appanage in each residential district. Instead of that we reserved certain districts as "multiple dwelling districts," thus segregating apartments from family dwelling districts. Now, multiple dwellings do not naturally tend to form separate true zoning districts. They are sporadic growths.

There was some opportunity for us to have made a preferable arrangement. Let me try to explain one method of doing this which I intend to endeavour to introduce.

Our residential districts, in general, are arranged with north and south streets and east and west avenues. The houses front upon the avenues which are boulevarded, that is, lined with grass strips and rows of trees—a very pleasant arrangement. The streets are the main traffic arteries. The opportunity here is to permit apartments fronting upon the streets or upon certain selected streets only. As a rule, the apartment building tends to depreciate the values of adjoining residential property, but by this arrangement, and by suitable regulations as to ground "coverage," this tendency would be diminished or even nullified. The occupants of the apartments being all grown-ups, the traffic danger to the children, who would then be living only in the less travelled avenues, would be greatly lessened.

Another question on which our zoning commission made decision was that of the advisability or otherwise of permitting continuous rows or terraces of houses. I can definitely say that "what people really want" here is emphatically the isolated house. I was prepared to discuss the question in the commission but I was faced with a decisive and inflexible "No," and the commission clearly felt that they were on sure ground as to what people wanted. I had to bow to this negative, about which I was not so sure at the time, but further experience inclines me to believe that, for us here at any rate, it was the right decision. Only speculators in land values have had anything to say against it. I must not encroach more on your space by further discussing this point, much as I am tempted to do so, knowing that a great deal can be said on both sides.—CECIL S. BURGESS, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

[We welcome this interesting contribution to the argument from



A TIT'S SHELTER
(See letter "A Blue Tit's Home")

John Prestige asks about are Princess Mary, daughter of Charles I, and her fiancé, the young Prince of Orange. It is not surprising that the girl is wearing an emblem "of the usual type used to signify loyalty" to that obtuse monarch, her father. The date is not An. Dmi. 1647 but 1641.

Van Dyck painted a picture of the young pair, wearing very similar clothes, in 1641, on the occasion of their betrothal. The picture is reproduced in Dr. Gustave Gluck's book on Van Dyck.

By a curious coincidence I had only just landed back in England (after being wounded in the Middle East) before my attention was drawn to this photograph in the January 2 number of COUNTRY LIFE, and I have also learned that in an article entitled *Reflections on the Early Death of Van Dyck* in the current number of the *Burlington Magazine*, Dr. Gustave Gluck refers to my own picture of this young Princess Mary, wearing the same ribbon and brooch, painted on the same occasion and bearing the interesting signature "Peter van der Faes, 1641." When the picture was first discovered the significance of this name was not immediately realised until it was pointed out that this was Lely's proper name. Lely is known to have come to England in 1641, and after Van Dyck's death in that year he became the Court Painter. But no other portrait signed by Lely under his original name has so far come to light. It would be extremely interesting if the signature which Sir John Prestige cannot decipher turned out to be van der Faes also. Has the picture been tested as to age?

Some people may take the point of view that there are more important things for us all to bother about now. So there are. But at the rate COUNTRY LIFE and other journals are shrinking there will soon be no medium left for considering anything of enduring interest at all. It is reassuring that the National Gallery has not hesitated to acquire a Rembrandt recently for £20,000. At the present rate of

the gnawing of foxes at their vitals, but will also enable us to defeat the modern Spartans before the surviving beauties of all previous civilisations are finally crushed off the surface of the globe.—SOMERSET DE CHAIR, House of Commons.

A BLUE TIT'S HOME

SIR,—This photograph of a blue tit nesting in an oil-drum left derelict in a wood may amuse readers of COUNTRY LIFE. It was evidently taking no war-time risks in such a good "shelter," but the striking feature was the amount of moss this pair of small birds carried inside. The work occupied them for days, and the large beakfuls of material they gathered almost hid the birds themselves.—CATHERINE M. CLARK, Windermere.

TOWN PLANNING IN CANADA

SIR,—In your issue of October 10 you have an editorial paragraph entitled *Which House is Best?* in which you appropriately ask "But what do people really want?" This is in relation to the much-debated question as to the relative merits of apartments, or flats, and the house-with-garden system of housing. May I be allowed to say something from the point of view of one who has for a dozen years served on a town-planning commission which has instituted and carried into effect a town-planning procedure with streets plan and a comprehensive system of zoning with relative body of by-laws.

The answer to the question in debate is one that can be fairly covered by saying that apartments are appropriate and necessary for households in which there are no young children. They furnish easy and economical housekeeping. On the other hand a home with garden provides the only suitable environment for the bringing up of young children. Both types are

Canada. The principle of segregating flats and dwellings to some extent is clearly desirable, though the factors of traffic-flow and angle of light would not always agree so conveniently in many British cities as they happen to in Edmonton, with its east-west avenues and north-south streets. Similarly the low density of population in a relatively new city naturally favours isolated houses, whereas civic and space-saving factors present a strong argument for terrace design in large congested cities.—Ed.]

A BULL-RING

SIR,—With reference to recent correspondence in COUNTRY LIFE on the subject of bull-baiting, this photograph of a bull-ring may be of interest.

I believe it to be one of the last surviving rings in the country. The unfortunate animal was fastened to

cussed the query sent in: why does a horse sit down front-legs first while with cattle the hind legs are first employed? It was decided there is no particular reason for the difference in procedure.

The enclosed snapshot of a foal in the rather ungainly act of preparing to sit down may be of interest to some readers. The incident occurred very quickly; one moment the animal was close to its mother, the next he was in the act of sitting down as described. The photograph was taken at Wilberfoss, near York, the village which gave its name to the Wilberforce family, the most famous member of which was the "Slave Emancipator."

—HAROLD G. GRAINGER, Leeds.
[Both horse and cow lie down fore end first, but the cow usually rises tail first and the horse head first. The "whys and wherefores" of this difference were recently discussed in this Correspondence page, and they were lately debated by the Brains Trust, but no definite reason could be discovered. Although our correspondent was evidently not quite clear concerning the point in question, his snapshot is such an excellent one that we have pleasure in publishing it—it shows remarkably clearly how a foal folds up and goes down. —Ed.]

TREE-CLIMBING SPANIEL

SIR,—You may be interested in the tree-climbing habits of my spaniel. A little while ago he was running about the garden after a grey squirrel, when to my astonishment I saw him trotting along a bough in a large chestnut tree, 25ft. above the ground. I have measured the height with a piece of rope. This tree has large boughs which come down to the ground, and

it was up one of these that he gained access. He was quite unafraid, and ran to and fro nearly to the end of the bough.

Since then he has been up time and time again, and obviously feels quite at home. I think it is due to a great interest in grey squirrels. He will climb surprisingly steep places, and in fact is deterred by gravity alone. I would like to know if any of your readers have seen anything like it. I enclose a photograph of



THE SPANIEL ON A BOUGH 25 FEET ABOVE GROUND

(See letter "Tree-climbing Spaniel.")

the ring by a long rope which passed through its nose, and was then baited.

The bull-ring shown is in the centre of the village of Brading, Isle of Wight, and I first saw it before the advent of the roundabout.—V. VIVIAN Lt.-Col.), 72, Eaton Place.

A FOAL LIES DOWN

SIR,—In *Any Questions?*—a popular B.B.C. Sunday programme—the "Brains Trust" experts recently dis-



A FOAL CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF "FOLDING UP" TO LIE DOWN

(See letter "A Foal Lies Down.")

him on one of his favourite runs.—STAFFORD BOURNE, London, W.1.

TRAP FOR INCENDIARIES

SIR,—A short time ago you published a photograph showing an invention whereby one man could operate a stirrup pump.

I think that readers may be interested in another invention which is being adopted in a number of country districts in Sussex. It is a special trap for picking up incendiary bombs and throwing them out of buildings.

Not only can the trap be used for picking up a bomb from the floor, but it is equally useful for removing them from roofs, gutterings and from such places as barns. Experiments have proved so successful that the trap is being used by Civil Defence units in a number of Sussex areas.

As can be seen, the trap is the essence of simplicity—a glorified pair of tongs with the ends curved to grip tightly round the bomb.

—N. G. WYMER, Appleacre, Ashacre Lane, Worthing.

HERE ANIMALS BEAT MAN

SIR,—That the senses in animals are more acute than those of civilised man may well be considered so trite a statement as to amount to a truism. We all have experience of countless instances; yet one constantly notes fresh cases, and even those familiar to us have always an element of interest. The cat, for example, after countless generations of sheltered, domesticated life, retains a power of seeing in the dark which our airmen may well envy; and then there's the dog's uncanny, disconcerting habit of watching intently things that apparently aren't there!

Man, while he excels some of the lower animals in long sight, is never so quick as are the wild things in detecting the slightest unusual movement: indeed, the hovering kestrel seems to beat him on both counts. As to actual length of vision, the eye of the eagle is, of course, proverbial; but here I should give the palm to the vulture—possibly because I know it better—for this it is that enables it to find its food, and not the sense of smell as was formerly supposed; the olfactory senses of birds not being particularly strong. On the other hand, by the way—or so far as the mere layman can judge—those of the common blow-fly must be singularly

well developed, for nothing in the dead flesh line, exposed or hidden, indoors or out, seems to escape him.

So far as scent is concerned, how very far human beings fall behind, say, the dog. Think what a walk must mean to our humble friend when the whole countryside is, to him, as an open book which he reads with his nose! A good dog, moreover, can not only track a human being (shod in thick leather boots, bear in mind) almost as readily as he would a fox but he recognises individual scents. Incidentally, I have sometimes wondered which of the senses is responsible



A TONGS-LIKE TRAP FOR DEALING WITH INCENDIARY BOMBS

(See letter "Trap for Incendiaries.")

for the rooted and apparently instinctive antipathy dogs have for tramps.

Even domesticated animals seem to hear sounds that are inaudible to human ears; and it should be remembered, of course, in this connection that one must consider not only volume but pitch, for many people cannot hear the squeak of a bat. Long ago, my people had a diminutive cage-bird—a nutmeg finch, if I remember rightly—which was often observed to be singing furiously, though there was little or nothing to be heard. Had he possessed a mate, she would doubtless have been charmed by his clear, ringing notes! Shakespeare credits the mole with exceptional powers:

Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a footfall

and others—including mole-catchers—have expressed similar views; but, as with earthworms, it is possible more a case of detecting vibration.

Apart from acute hearing, there's



THE OLD BULL-RING IN THE STREET AT BRADING

(See letter "A Bull-ring.")



THE ROMAN STEPS CROSSING THE RHINOG MOUNTAINS

(See letter "The Roman Steps.")

often a wonderful gift of discrimination, so to speak, subtle differences being detected of which the human ear is unconscious; and it was an instance of this, really, which led me to consider the subject. A small dairyman here keeps a couple of calves in a shed in a paddock abutting on to a well-frequented lane; and, happening to pass just as he pulled up to feed them, I remarked on the noise they were making. "Aye," he said, "they allus starts becalin' soon as ivver ah to 'ns t' carner." Now the said corner is some distance away round a bend, and small motor vans such as his are by no means uncommon in these parts—let alone other cars passing—nor does one usually credit calves with a superabundance of intelligence.

Dogs are particularly clever in this way, and it is seldom indeed that the footfall of a stranger is mistaken for that of one of the family, or vice versa.

A dog of my own—a spaniel—used occasionally to accompany me by 'bus. On returning home, he always got up as soon as we approached the house, and walked to the door of the 'bus, although, being on the floor, he could, of course, see nothing at all outside. Now I myself, after many years' walking, cycling and driving on the said road, am often uncertain, after dark, as to the exact spot the 'bus has reached. The cat—as reports

in the Press declare—returns to its old quarters from almost unbelievable distances, and among lower orders of creation the same thing may be observed—as witness the case of the hive bee.—T. HYDE-PARKER, *Filey, Yorkshire.*

THE ROMAN STEPS

SIR,—Of all the ancient trackways which are to be seen in these islands, probably the most remarkable is that known as the Roman Steps, which crosses the Rhinog range of mountains south-eastward of the North Wales town of Harlech.

It is quite well understood that if this paved way is not Roman, then at least it dates from the Middle Ages, but recently I heard of what seems to be the quite feasible suggestion that the Roman Steps track is the Welsh counterpart of General Wade's roads in Scotland, that is, a military highway.

It is fairly certain that at least one army, that under Sir Richard Herbert, which was sent to subdue Harlech Castle, crossed the mountains by this route, and what could be more reasonable to assume than that this paved way was laid by and for the



A FINE STATUE WITH A FALSE INSCRIPTION

(See letter "A Much-travelled Statue.")

troops of those earlier days? Even as they remain to-day, the Roman Steps facilitate progress across the pass very considerably.—F. E. MARRIOTT, *Thingwall, Wirral, Cheshire.*

A CARVED TOBACCO-STOP

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of a boxwood pipe-stop having a very spirited carving of a greyhound with hare he has caught and beneath in excellent lettering "Tho Lee LYM." Who was Thomas Lee and was Lym celebrated in "1739" for its coursing or greyhounds? The stop is 3¼ ins. high by 2 ins. wide.—L. J. WICKES, *Brook House, Newton Green, Suffolk.*

A MUCH-TRAVELLED STATUE

SIR,—This striking figure of Neptune is seen by all who pass down Victoria Street from the station to Bristol city, or on the way to Bath by road. Many folk think it was, as the inscription describes, erected in Queen Elizabeth's reign to commemorate the defeat of the Spanish Armada, but this is the true story. Cast by a plumber, named Randall, it was put up in 1723 at the end of Temple Street over the new Temple Conduit. It was then moved about the neighbourhood to three other places, its last and present spot being arrived at in 1872 when the false plaque was added, the details being taken from an 1824 history of Bristol, since proved unreliable!—F. R. WINSTONE, *Bristol.*

A MEMORIAL TO A GARDENER

SIR,—The delightful articles on Nuneham Courtenay brought out, among other interesting aspects of that beautiful place, the extent to which the original design of the gardens and park incorporated "sentiment" with scenery: by consecrating certain views to amiable qualities or the memory of the owner's friends, in particular "Capability" Brown and William Mason, the principal creators of the landscape. I cannot help thinking that an inscribed urn, standing in the former churchyard of what is now the chapel, which forms part of the gardens, is one of these memorials. It is inscribed *In horto fuit cor*: "His heart was in the garden." There is no further intimation of whose affection was thus dedicated. But a letter of William Mason to Lord Harcourt (September 16, 1784) suggests that it was Walter, the original gardener at Nuneham. The letter runs:

"Your account of the sudden death of poor Walter affected me much. I forgot instantly all coxcombabilities and thought with your lordship only of his humble merit. I recollected an anecdote which I believe I never



THE GARDEN MEMORIAL TO WALTER AT NUNEHAM

(See letter "A Memorial to a Gardener.")

mentioned to you, that when I placed a stick on the spot where the vase now stands I charged him not to remove it and told him I intended to put the vase on a pedestal on that very point. Ready as he always was to give his opinion, he said 'it would look very handsome and that something of vaise might be put upon the stone.' I little thought at the time either that I should put his idea into execution, or that he would furnish me with the theme. Yet the recollection of what he said, and his dying on the very spot, has prompted me to write what Your Lordship will find on the next leaf."

There follows a suggested inscription beginning:

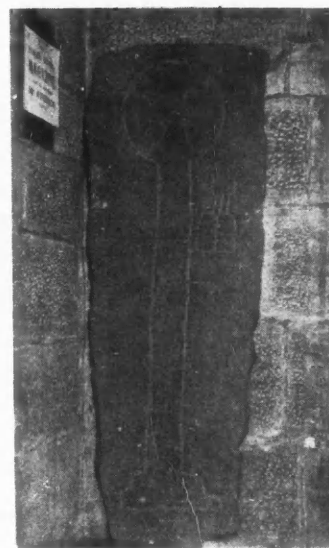
Here lies the village Swain whose hourly care

Taught this gay scene with richest bloom to shine

From a following letter we learn that it was not approved by Lord Harcourt who, I like to think, erected this urn with its brief epigrammatic words.—CURIOUS CROWE, *Ash, Surrey.*

SHEARS IN STONE

SIR,—The picture of carvings of shears on the church at Cranham (July 5) is of interest, as only one or two examples exist elsewhere. In the porch of Halifax parish church is an early grave slab bearing a simple cross and a pair of shears. It is estimated to date from 1150 and indicates that the woollen industry was established at a very early date in the West Riding. The shears were



CARVED SHEARS ON A GRAVE SLAB OF 1150 AT HALIFAX

(See letter "Shears in Stone.")

employed for cropping the cloth after the nap had been raised by means of teasels, and it was the introduction of mechanical substitutes which was partly responsible for the Luddite risings. Shears-makers and grinders carried on their trade in Halifax until the middle of the nineteenth century and their products appear to have changed little for nearly 700 years. Somewhat similar gravestones bearing shears may also be seen in the wall of High Hoyland church near Barnsley.—J. W., *Halifax.*

TO A GAMEKEEPER

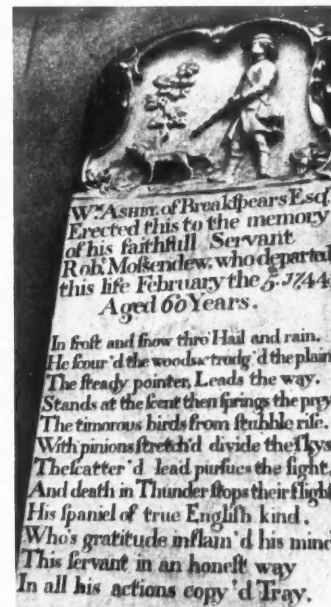
SIR,—Here is a photograph of an unusual memorial which can be seen on the wall of Harefield Church, Middlesex.

It was erected to the memory of a faithful servant, one Robert Mossendew, a gamekeeper, by his master, William Ashby of Breakspears (near Harefield), in 1744.

Recorded on it in verse is an appreciation of Mossendew and also of his dog's faithful service.

In frost and snow thro' Hail and rain,
He scour'd the woods and trudg'd the plain.

Note also the carving showing Mossendew, blunderbuss in hand, and his spaniel.—CHILTERN, *Middlesex.*



A RECORD OF FAITHFUL SERVICE

(See letter "To a Gamekeeper.")



A GREYHOUND PIPE-STOP CARVED IN BOXWOOD

(See letter "A Carved Tobacco-stop.")

THE TRUTH ABOUT DEW-PONDS

SIR,—In your number for November 28 you have a photograph called *A Frozen Dew-Pond*. It is no more a dew pond than a swimming-bath is one. One can see quite clearly the concrete edging, and on the right-hand edge the gully which supplies the rain-water off the road. I have known it for over 20 years. It depends on surface water from the road: there are certainly two, if not three, gullies to lead the water into it. The nearest unconcreted pond is to be found hidden away behind the East Dean-Friston hill. This is in a hollow in the fields and has a big bush overhanging it, or did when I last saw it about five years ago.—M. ORSEY, *London, W.*

[We have submitted both our correspondents' letters to Mr. Alfred J. Pugsley, author of *Dewponds in Fable and Fact* (COUNTRY LIFE), who writes as follows: "In reply to your enquiries, my views are: that there are no such things as dew-ponds as popularly understood, i.e. ponds filled by dew—but that they are well-made rain catches. Your correspondent is quite correct in saying that most of them have drainage channels leading into them. It is very rare to find them without these drainage accessories, and why shouldn't they have them? The farmer wants the ponds for his stock, not to prove a very debatable scientific (?) theory. The suggestion made by your earlier correspondent that dew-ponds do not freeze is rubbish—any water below 32° Fahr. exposed to the air is bound to freeze. One of the reasons for their shallow construction with gently shelving banks is to permit the ice to rise up the sides instead of cracking them."—ED.]

IRON RAILINGS

SIR,—The urgent necessity for obtaining scrap iron is resulting in the removal of many interesting gates,

etc., and while endeavour is being made to preserve outstanding examples, chiefly of 1820, or earlier date, good ironwork is unfortunately disappearing.

There can be no real objection to the removal of numerous iron railings, but could not it be arranged to retain some of the best of the modern gates, etc., as well as the old examples which are to be preserved, until all unnecessary iron-work has been removed and it is known that it will be essential to have the extra metal.

In the meantime owners whose gates are being taken, who may wish to consider replacing them after the war, should have the gates photographed, or measured drawings made of them, if they have no records from which reproductions can be made if required.—C. BIRDWOOD WILLCOCKS, 47, St. Peter's Avenue, Caversham Heights, Reading.

TURN OUT YOUR PAPER BIBLES AND PRAYER BOOKS

SIR,—I am wondering whether Paper Salvage may not prove for other people, as it has for me, the solution of a minor problem. Ours is a very ordinary Church of England household in which a supply of prayer and hymn books has always been maintained, and that every member of the family should own a Bible is taken as a matter of course. On various occasions, as keepsakes, confirmation presents or parting gifts, many such books have been added to the total. Regular use—and particularly in the case of children using the cheaper copies—has resulted in the presence on our shelves of a number of such books, with broken binding and even torn or missing pages. They are of no value to anyone, but how to dispose of them, relics as they are of volumes to which obviously should be meted out more respect than, say to the crumpled sheets of yesterday's newspaper, has been very difficult.

I am consigning them, neatly bundled, all to the Paper Salvage Collection, where they will still, however indirectly, serve the principles and attitude to life which their contents have inculcated. I think that many churches, chapels and schools could add appreciably to the paper salvage in this way without parting with one usable volume.—LILIAN TURNER, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

THE PICTURE POSTCARD

SIR,—At the beginning of this century when the craze for picture postcards had just set in, many people made collections illustrating some particular subject—one girl I knew collected clergymen and bulldogs, and my small sister pictures of the actress, Marie Studholme. Any of these albums might very well fall to the sack of the salvage collector, but apart from them, most of us, on our travels abroad have amassed picture postcards or sent them, and they have been hoarded ever since. As it must be well-nigh impossible for any picture postcard to be unique, it would not be a great sacrifice to cast them into the treasury.—B. J. CLUNN, *London, S.W.*

"ART AND DRAMA IN WENSLEYDALE"

SIR,—Mr. Bernard Wood's most interesting article on *Art and Drama in Wensleydale* contains a curious reference to the British Drama League, to the effect that the writing of plays around certain persons in a rural district and then getting those persons to act the parts is "of course . . . a departure from British Drama League methods."

Why "of course"? The Drama League is a federation of hundreds of dramatic groups of every type and class, and, as such, has no methods of its own. As a matter of fact, its first affiliated society was a company of village players who acted an episode of local history in a chalk pit at

Chaldon, Surrey, in the spring of 1919. And ever since the League has been glad to include among its supporters a goodly number of societies that are conducted on similar principles to those in use by Wensleydale players.

I trust, sir, that you may be able to print this letter lest the damaging idea should get about that the Drama League is not entirely sympathetic with the home-made play, acted by a local company, and dressed by local artists. Our encouragement of precisely this kind of amateur activity does not of course preclude assistance to those groups who prefer, or are obliged, to rely on the work of established dramatists for their plays. In our National Festival of Community Drama (now suspended for the period of the war) entries typical of both styles were often seen together on the same stage and on the same evening.—GEOFFREY WHITWORTH, *Director, British Drama League, 9, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.*

BARRY'S DRAWINGS FOR WESTMINSTER

From Major Geoffrey Hutchinson, K.C., T.D. M.P.

SIR,—The note which you publish on Jan. 2 regarding Sir Charles Barry's drawings for the Palace of Westminster gives what appears to be rather an exaggerated view of their importance. In reply to a question which I recently addressed to him, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Works and Buildings stated that, although certain of the drawings would be "useful"—presumably for the reconstruction of the Chamber—and "contained valuable information," they were "fragmentary," and unsuited for exhibition at the Houses of Parliament.

A number of Barry's drawings from the same source have recently been presented to the R.I.B.A.—GEOFFREY HUTCHINSON, *House of Commons.*

FARMING NOTES

HONOURS FOR AGRICULTURE

EVERY farmer in the country is glad to see that Mr. Tom Peacock, the President of the National Farmers' Union, received recognition in the New Year's Honours List of the many services he has rendered to the farming community and to the nation during the last three years. The presidency of the National Farmers' Union is never an easy seat. In war-time, when big changes must be inflicted on farming, and every farmer, however strong his individualism, has to toe the line in the food-production campaign, there are bound to be many irritations and troubles which are ventilated through the National Farmers' Union local branches and come to the Union's headquarters. Anyone in Mr. Peacock's position might well have worn himself to shreds in trying to satisfy everyone. Happily for him and happily for the Union, Mr. Peacock has the yeoman's philosophy. He is not easily rattled. Real errors and grievances the National Farmers' Union has championed, usually with good results, and the Government have found a remedy. But under Mr. Peacock's leadership the Union has not been allowed to become merely cantankerous and obstructive. Not that the general body of farmers would wish their organisation to be anything but always helpful, but the most vociferous farmers in any district are generally those least well informed. The leaders of the National Farmers' Union had no easy task in keeping the farming community united in its purpose which, in war-time, must be to serve the nation by helping in every way possible to carry the food production campaign to full success.

ANOTHER leader of the farming community in his own area is Captain Edward Foster, who also has been honoured with a C.B.E. Captain Foster is the Chairman of the Shropshire

War Agricultural Executive Committee and also acts as the Minister of Agriculture's Liaison Officer for a group of counties in the north-west. Like Mr. Peacock, he is of yeoman stock and always keeps a cool head. Shropshire for the most part has always been a well-farmed county and there are many progressive men there. I well remember a gathering of the Shropshire Young Farmers' Clubs which was most impressive for the progressive spirit abroad in the county. Everyone seemed alive to up-to-date ideas and ready to discuss them in a practical way. Apart from Captain Foster's sterling personal qualities, it is good to see that the work of the War Agricultural Committee is recognised in this way. Several thousand farmers up and down the country are putting in long hours on these committees and sub-committees without thought of reward, and it is thanks mainly to them that agriculture has been able to produce so much more food for the country.

ONE of the executive officers also appears in the Honours List—Mr. T. R. Ferris, who looks after Dorset. In peace-time he is the Agricultural Organiser under the County Council. In war-time he has intensified his efforts and, carrying the goodwill of everyone in the county, he is able to show increased production from almost every farm in the county, as well as some impressive land reclamation schemes on common land which have been undertaken by the War Agricultural Committee. Of course, Dorset is not peculiar, but not every executive officer can figure in the Honours Lists when there are so many spheres of national work that deserve recognition.

WE have grown more carrots this year than ever before. The crop is said to be

40 per cent. bigger than usual. An extra acreage was grown by farmers in response to Government request, and the season gave very heavy yields. Now the National Vegetable Marketing Company is faced with the problem of seeing that all these extra carrots are used to good advantage. The carrot is said to be one of the best health foods that this island produces. It is full of just the right mineral salts and the right vitamins to keep everyone fit through the winter. It is surprising what can be done with carrots. The other day I was faced with a sweet that looked like peach flan and tasted like peach flan. It was, in fact, made of carrots. The greengrocers and the doctors have pledged their support to the carrot, so we shall now soon all be made "carrot conscious."

A GOOD deal of controversy lately has centred in the maintenance of the humus content of the soil. There are two schools of thought about this. There is one school which claims that humus is all-important: that upon it everything depends: that it is the remedy for every ill, and that given plenty of humus nothing much else matters. There is the opposite school of thought which argues that humus is of no significance and may be disregarded with impunity. Most of us steer a middle course and believe that in order to keep land in good heart it is necessary for everybody to maintain the humus content, not least because of its good effect on soil texture, whether the land be light or heavy. On light land humus binds the soil together and on heavy land helps to keep it open. The working qualities of heavy clay soil are improved out of all recognition when plenty of humus is incorporated. It is these physical effects of humus that are so important and for which it is irreplaceable. CINCINNATUS.

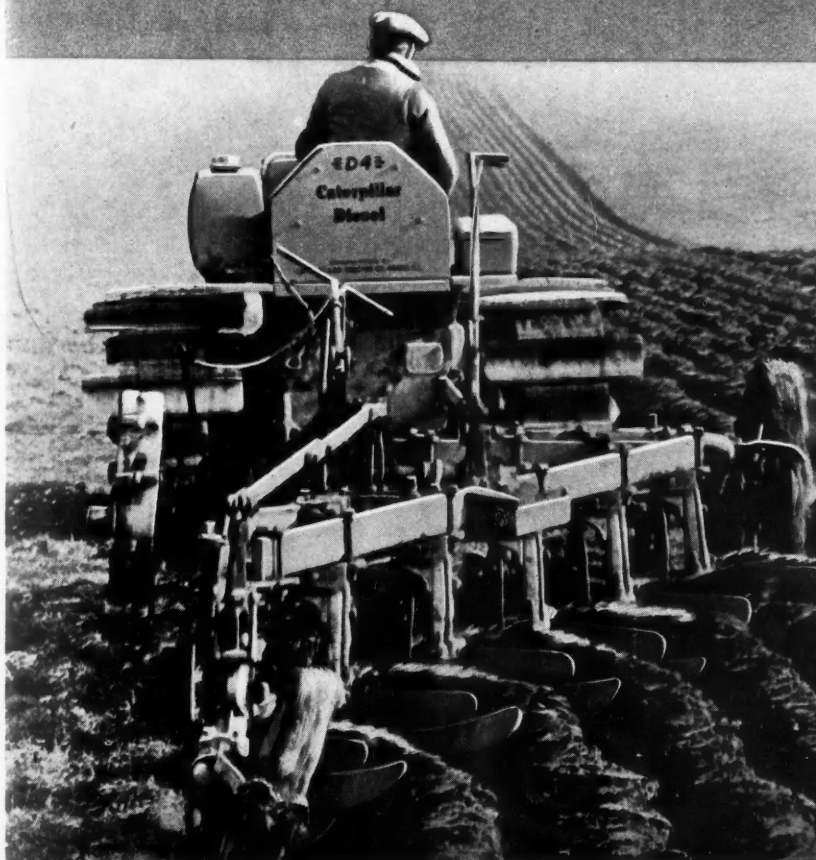
"CATERPILLAR"

Regd.

superiority demonstrated by 1000 mile tour of British Farms

M^r J. WENTWORTH DAY'S OPINION

IN 'THE DAILY TELEGRAPH' NOV 7



Hornchurch, Essex.

TRACTOR PLOUGHING

To the Editor of The Daily Telegraph
Sir—In the course of my 1,000-mile tour of British farms I have seen all sorts of tractors at work on many types of land. In my view the 2, 3, or 4-furrow Diesel tractor hauling a tractor beaten on heavy land and peat land:

- (a) Because it rides lightly over the land and does not press it down at the headlands as wheels do;
- (b) Because, when ploughing, its tracks are not in the furrow but ploughed next time round, whereas a wheeled tractor has one wheel in the furrow and there it stays. You can see the marks of the "spuds" on a tractor wheel in the land two years after ploughing. This helps to beat down the soil, create a "pan," beat the water and hinder drainage.
- (c) The imprints of caterpillar plates are so light that they break up in frost, whereas wheel tracks are often almost as solid as paving stones.
- (d) The caterpillar Diesel keeps going in mud where a wheeled tractor would stick, and on soft peat where wheels would sink in up to the hubs.

Tractor ploughing, to revert to Lord Bledisloe's cogent point, is five times as fast as horse-ploughing, on one estate they have just ploughed 13 acres of heavy land stubble in 24 hours, using a D4 caterpillar Diesel 3-furrow plough. In the horse-plough days it always took nine to eat the tractor and the 3-furrow caterpillar Diesel is the future saviour of the heavy land and fenland farmer, just as surely as caterpillar tracks have ousted wheels for rough cross-country work in the mechanised armies of to-day.

Yours, &c.,
J. WENTWORTH DAY.

Institut, Instru Foreign, Gaullie World C A. Yu

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WAR-TIME FARMING—II

PERMANENT MAINTENANCE OF FERTILITY

By TOM WIBBERLEY

IT has been found necessary to arrange for the services of a full-time bailiff (in addition to the staff of three mentioned in my earlier article) whose main work will be supervisory. No doubt he will, when occasion demands, do manual work as well. But I still maintain that the 300 acres is being worked by three men, as this new engagement is necessary only because I myself have had to devote my time to other work.

One of the main difficulties I mentioned in my earlier article is the permanent maintenance of fertility, so let us see in detail what my plans are.

Under the emergency created by war artificial manures are obviously a necessity, but I personally have no faith in them in normal times, except as stimulants to produce large crops which in turn produce organic manures, and the all-important humus. Realising that this particular farm has been heavily grazed by milking cows, poultry, etc., during the past 20 years, I concluded—although I have not had the land analysed—that most of it will be deficient in phosphates. Therefore the delivery of 25 tons of 40 per cent. slag has been arranged and this will be applied to all the corn at the rate of about 4cwt. per acre. When the land was analysed for lime content, it was found that 130 tons were necessary.

LIME ESSENTIAL

I believe that after the initial application of phosphates no more will be required in the years to come. Lime, of course, will be sown systematically at the rate of 10cwt. per acre at 60 acres per annum, so that the whole farm receives an application every five years. Incidentally I don't believe in the theory that applications of lime on neutral or alkaline land

are a waste of money. I do, however, believe that it is impossible to farm without lime, and that it is useless applying one ton per acre where the tests show that two tons are required.

I have found that I can always feed stock and grow more crops on land to which lime is regularly applied, even when such land is entirely alkaline. I have tried this out in practice (the only test that matters) both on large and medium sized farms.

I will have to refer back to my cropping plans to make my point about the further maintenance of fertility clear. The following fields and acreages will be sown down next spring with this mixture:

- 4lb. Ayrshire Perennial rye grass.
- 4lb. Irish Italian rye grass.
- 11lb. English Broad Red Clover (the best sample that can now be bought of yearling seed).
- 2lb. Christy's Hybrid cow grass.
- 1lb. Alsike and White Dutch clover.
- 2lb. Trefoil.

24lb. per acre.

This is the same mixture which I give in *The New Farming* except that, in view of the possible lack of nitrogen on the fields in question after having grown three corn crops, I have added an extra 5lb. of Broad Red Clover. While this mixture can be left down if necessary for two years, it is really intended only for one. I would put mine down for two or three years but for two reasons: the present necessity of corn production and the fact that the fields are not clean enough from the point of view of twitch to put down for a long period, as it would necessitate following when the time for ploughing came round again. The fields are:

- 15 acres Giant Star rye.
- 15 acres Konia barley.
- 18 acres spring-sown six-rowed winter barley.

My further seeding will be eight acres of spring-sown Spratt Archer barley to be sown to permanent ley, and five acres of autumn-sown Blue Cone Rivetts wheat. The reasons for sowing this to permanent pasture are local. The eight acres was part of a 52-acre park, 19 acres of which have been taken over by an aircraft factory, and 25 acres still being under grass. This eight acres was ploughed, under a compulsory ploughing order, in 1940, and was sown to spring oats, and seeded down in this crop. The seeds failed, chiefly from bad ploughing and bad surface cultivations. The five acres was also ploughed under a compulsory order, and is situated under a wood in which there are a large rookery and plenty of rabbits. On the other side of this wood is a big rubbish dump which attracts birds and vermin from miles.

THE MIXTURE USED

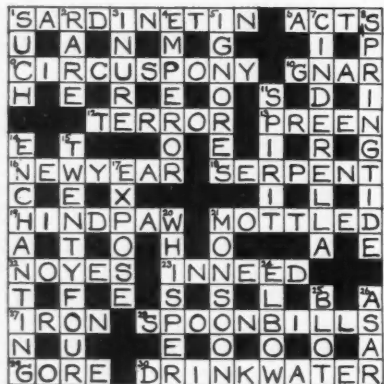
The mixture I am using on these fields is as follows:

- 3lb. Aberystwyth S. 23 Perennial rye grass.
- 7lb. Evergreen Pasture Perennial rye grass.
- 3lb. Golden Perennial rye grass.
- 6lb. Ayrshire Perennial rye grass.
- 6lb. Irish Italian rye grass.
- 2lb. Scotch Timothy.
- 2lb. American Timothy.
- 1½lb. Crested Dogtail.
- 1½lb. Smooth-stalked meadow grass.
- 2lb. Canadian Broad-leaved red clover.
- 1½lb. Altaswede late-flowering red clover.
- ¾lb. Certified Montgomery late-flowering red clover.
- 1½lb. Mammoth late-flowering red clover.
- 1lb. Alsike and white clover.
- 1½lb. Chewings Fescue.

This mixture I have found in the past quite as successful as the best fully indigenous mixture.

SOLUTION to No. 624

The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of January 9, will be announced next week.



ACROSS.

- 1 and 3. Now and then, or rather the other way round (three words, 4, 3, 7)
9. It is placed on the table of a famous house (4)
10. This aircraft should be able to do some earth-splitting damage (10)
12. Spacious (5)
13. Afternoon begins in compensation? (6)
15. He's in the group all right (3)
18. In Wales, not below it (5)
19. Nowadays it could only be made under Nazi guidance (two words, 5, 4)
22. "Danes can't" (anagr.) (9)
24. They are usually made in black and white (5)
25. Would it cause excitement at a hen party? (3)
26. Not a fellow of Girton in a London suburb (6)
29. By the Mississippi or in St. James's Palace? (5)
32. Plants that come from a shady range (10)

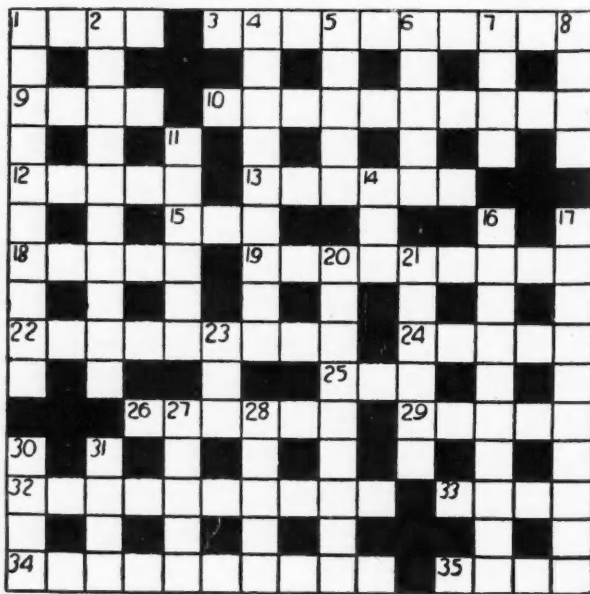
DOWN.

- The winner of Crossword No. 623 is Mrs. H. Sharp, Wyke Hall, Wyke, Bradford, Yorkshire.
33. Reverse 8 down (4)
 - 34 and 35. For London to Edinburgh (three words, 5, 5, 4)
 1. A little dog of a Nazi perhaps (10)
 2. Inviolable (10)
 4. "Rule again" (anagr.) (9)
 5. Father begins by being a father (5)
 6. Made a mistake, hesitating over a colour? (5)
 7. This Welshman turns back into the church, or at least part of it (4)
 8. Christmas or Easter, on the shore (4)
 11. It often stands beside the whisky (6)
 14. "—s fret not at their convents' narrow cells."—*Wordsworth* (3)
 16. South American capital (10)
 17. Went in search of gold, perhaps (10)
 20. Listen, you insect! (9)
 21. Setting of Borrow's fight with the Flaming Tinman (6)
 23. The noise 21 starts by making (3)
 27. Get the money? No less (5)
 28. Still, it doesn't mean "Out, you cur!" (5)
 30. A smoke for ugly old women (4)
 31. Predecessor of the plane (4)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 625

A prize of books to the value of two guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 625, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the *first post* on the morning of Thursday, January 22, 1942.

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 625



Name.....

Address.....

both from the haying and grazing angles. As the following fields are newly ploughed this season, they will come to autumn corn again next year:

47 acres Desprez wheat.

20 acres Squarehead Master wheat.

The winter-sown 15 acres rye and vetches for intercropping will be grazed by young or more mature heifers, according to weather, using electric fencing, as I have already described. Then when the crop has again reached a height of about 1ft. it will be intercropped with mixed plants of Kohl-rabi, Thousand Head kale, Rape kale, and Marrow Stem kale grown here in a bed. The mixture is in the proportion of 1lb. of each, and 1lb. of this mixture sown in the bed will provide sufficient plants for one acre, when planted out.

At the time of planting, 30lb. per acre of Avon Perennial rye grass will be broadcast. While Perennial is not as successful for later grazing purposes as Italian, it is being used in this instance because supplies are more abundant, it is much cheaper per acre, and because the difference in the cost per acre, in my opinion, offsets the difference in the later value of the crop. When the rye has been firmly cut as a corn crop there will remain a mild forage crop of brassica and rye grass which will be further grazed in the autumn and again in the spring by cattle, on the controlled grazing system, using electric fencing. After three grazings, fertility should be sufficient to grow a further spring-sown corn crop.

AN EXPERIMENT

As an experiment, it is intended to try an acre with trefoil at the rate of 16lb. per acre, in place of the perennial rye grass. I see no reason why this should not be successful, for the fertilising, humus-producing properties of the trefoil will be greater than that of the perennial.

The 15 acres of spring-sown rye will be grazed when a height of about 9ins. has been reached, and will then be immediately intercropped with 50lb. per acre of genuine English-grown vetches. At the time of sowing the vetches, a seeding will again be made of 30lb. of perennial rye grass per acre. On the vetches and rye again reaching maturity, hay will be made of the maincrop and the aftermath, including the rye grass, will be further grazed, both in the autumn and spring. It may be found necessary, in dealing with these two 15 acres, to spread at certain stages heavy applications of nitrate of soda, nitro-chalk or nitrate of lime as a stimulant. Nitrate of lime, if available, will be used in preference to the other two because of its quick-acting properties. After the second grazing this 15 acres (which by the way is in the same field as the autumn-sown 15 acres) will also come into a spring corn crop.

INTERCROPPING

Of the total crop of 10 acres to be put into potatoes four acres Ninety-fold will be intercropped, with some such crop as sugar beet or cabbage. The acreage of maincrop cannot, of course, be intercropped because of the use of the automatic digger and lifter in harvesting. All the available dung will be applied during the winter to this field, including that part to be sown with sunflower and canary seed, but not the picking peas, as freshly dunged ground would produce too much haulm and not enough pod.

This season the dunging will have to be carried out with rubber-tyred trailers and tractors, but in future it is intended to produce a certain amount of dung per annum and use it year over year so that it is thoroughly rotted, and a dung spreader can be brought into action. In filling this dung spreader I believe I can adapt the home-devised harvester for the purpose. I am hoping to compost all the straw, so that none will be sold off the farm.

The eight acres of rape and Italian rye grass mentioned in my last article will be broadcast about June or July after fallowing has taken place, and will be grazed possibly through the winter as the soil happens to be light gravel and is on the side of a hill, so that drainage is good.

The only field with which I have not now dealt is 17 acres of two-year ley sown down before I took control, and on which comment from the maintenance of fertility viewpoint is not necessary at this stage.

Now a few words about cattle. Discussion is proceeding at the moment regarding the advisability of disposing of the herd of 20 Gallo-ways running with a Red Poll bull because, in spite of the high prices (£20 for a 10-months-old calf), the point arises that they may not show a profit. In these days especially there are other profits besides the purely monetary one. At the same time, it is not an economic proposition to keep livestock purely for fertility, and it is necessary to show some profit, even though a small one. If a decision is made to dispose of them, they will be replaced by purchasing each spring as many day-old chickens

THE ESTATE MARKET

FIRST SALES OF THE YEAR

ALREADY a few sales of country residential freeholds and farms have been effected in 1942. A new list from Messrs. Harrods Estate Offices includes Stratton Cottage, Godalming; Longfield, Knebworth; Lady Margaret Cottage, Sunningdale; Richmond Lodge, Gerrard's Cross; Peak Hill House, Stevenage; and Brimfield Hall, Ludlow, besides a few introductions of tenants for large country houses.

A SETBACK TO FARM SALES

THE market for farms seems to be suffering a slight setback, owing to the new regulations which confer a sort of fixity of tenure on farmers, inasmuch as notice to quit cannot be given, or operative, where the holding has been, or is to be, the subject of a contract of sale. Some of the best bidders at recent auctions have been farmers who themselves wished, at the earliest possible moment, to take possession of their new purchases. The freedom from possibility of such interference with tenure in the case of certain parts of the Idlicote estate, near Shipston on Stour, lends an added interest to an auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley of the 1,495 acres, as three or four large farms have been cultivated by the owner for many years, and another farm of nearly 300 acres is being voluntarily vacated by the tenant this year. The joint agents are Messrs. R. C. Knight and Sons.

Recent sales of agricultural land include Redhills Farm, near Penrith, 190 acres, for £15,100; two Shropshire farms, near Wem, Moston Park, 180 acres, for £7,900, and Moston, 99 acres, for £4,500; Fields Farm, Sturston, near Ashbourne, 65 acres, for £3,500; and Boxbush Farm, Westbury on Severn, 110 acres, for £2,400. Kentish holdings are meeting with an improved demand, recent sales including, among others, Amber Green Farm, Chart Sutton, a freehold of only 25 acres, for £2,550.

LOOKING AHEAD

TWO or three passages from Messrs. Hampton and Sons' observations on 1941 may be added to the extract given a week ago, namely: "The estate market during 1941 has, in so far as country properties are concerned, shown a marked improvement in the volume of business compared with 1940. Sales of all classes have proceeded steadily throughout, prices showing an upward tendency and the demand still far exceeding the supply. Agricultural land continues in demand and several important transfers have been effected, but, generally speaking, owners show little inclination to sell. Recent legislation should have a steadying effect on prices of all farm land which showed signs of reaching unprecedented figures. The requisitioned properties which still remain for sale with deferred possession in many instances show a reasonable return on the capital outlay, but buyers seem reluctant to take advantage of the attractive offers available. Business firms evacuated to the country are showing a tendency to close in nearer London, but few suitable houses are available. The investment market, in so far as London and the majority of the large industrial cities are concerned, is mostly inactive. There are buyers for almost any type of property, but generally on a low speculative scale. Owners looking forward, we think with good reason, to greatly enhanced rents and prices immediately after the war are disinclined to sell excepting on the basis, more or less, of pre-war value."

BREAK-UP OF A HAMPSHIRE SEAT

OUT of 90 lots of the West Park estate, near Fordingbridge, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Hewett and Lee sold about 60, at an auction, at Salisbury, conducted by Mr. F. W. Lee. The mansion and grounds and adjacent land are under requisition, and have been sold with

as the war-time feeding restrictions on both purchased and home-produced foods will allow.

The remainder of the cattle will run to about 80 head of heifers, and will range anything from a few weeks old to down calvers, according to what can be bought at an economic price in the first instance. They will be sold as down calvers with calf at foot, and will live either on the cultivated forage crops or the remaining meadows. The young calves, of course, will have to be housed and hand fed according to age, but even so in good weather they will run out much longer, because I am firmly convinced that grassland as we have known it since before the days of Coke of Norfolk has gone for ever, even on mountain-sides and in water meadows, and that our descendants will resort to leys of not more than four years' duration at the longest.

546 acres. The total realisations under the hammer were approximately £28,500, including West Park Farm, 111 acres, for £2,500, and Lops Hill Farm, Lopshill Common, 88 acres, for £2,100. North End House was among the many lots that were privately dealt with. The estate of 5,575 acres was for a long period the seat of the Coote family. Part of the property comprises roundly 1,000 acres of first-rate oak woodland. The Allen, a tributary of the Avon, intersects or bounds the West Park estate for fully four miles. The farmhouse and buildings are of high quality. Much of the land in and around the village of Damerham has a prospective value for development.

NORTHAMPTON AND OTHER TRANSACTIONS

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FRANK DOUGLAS PENNANT has sold part of his Sholebrooke Lodge estate, Whittlebury, extending to 540 acres. He retains the manor and appurtenant land, and intends to continue to reside there. The agents were Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff, who issue a report on their work in 1941. In the course of it they say: "The firm's timber sales exceeded 6,600,000 cubic feet of standing trees, on behalf of, among others, Lord Hastings, Lady Burton, Lord Brooke of Oakley, Lord Sandys, Stowe and Weston-birt Schools and Lowther College." Of agricultural land they add: "The firm has had successful sales, mainly to investors who are likely to introduce fresh capital and enterprise to the industry. This trend of money from the cities to the land is of considerable importance, in that agriculture has been starved of capital for so many years that the present influx is a tonic long overdue to the industry. Many investors who are buying to-day are men of enterprise and foresight; they do not have to live out of the land and are content to put the rents back in improvements. Their one aim is to improve and maintain their estates so that they are a pride to themselves, an encouragement to the farmers, and an asset to the country. In one case the firm have sold over 2,000 acres to one purchaser, for large-scale farming on the most modern principles. The total sales run to an area of about 100,000 acres, and include several notable auctions, such as the sale of part of the Sledmere estate, Yorkshire, for Sir Richard Sykes, Bt.; Eberston, Yorkshire, for Sir Kenelm Cayley, Bt.; Crosbie Tower estate, Ayrshire; Manley Hall estate, Cheshire; Wern Fawr, Denbighshire; Captain W. J. C. Berington's Flintshire properties; Bennington Place, Hertfordshire; Avening Court estate, Gloucester; and Newfargie estate, in Perthshire. Among those sold by private treaty in the Northamptonshire area has been, in conjunction with Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co., Mr. George Drummond's Pitsford estate. A large number of residences and farms have been negotiated for throughout the country, for both private and public authorities. The firm has also acted in the purchase of well-known residences, including Updown House, Windlesham, for Princess Maud. A great deal of the efforts of the firm have been devoted to their large agricultural managements, and in assisting to increase productivity and drainage work. Our Leeds branch are concerned with reclaiming, on one estate alone, over 400 acres of derelict land which has gone back over many years to reeds and sedge, producing nothing of value to the community. The whole of the 400 acres is being treated intensively by tile drainage, for which purpose special machinery has been built, and the operation is proving most successful. The ground has answered well to treatment, and it is hoped that good crops of corn or roots will flourish, where the year before nothing but reeds, in some places 4ft. 6ins. in height, have held sway." **ARBITER.**

PRODUCING EARLY VEGETABLES

Raising Peas, Beans, Tomatoes, Onions and other crops, in Greenhouse, Frame and under Cloches

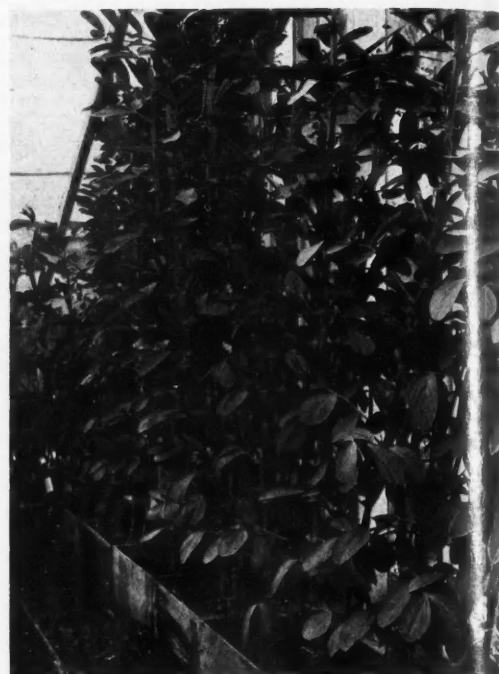
By G. C. TAYLOR

IN these days, when it is rightly impressed upon us that we should do everything possible to produce more and more food crops, it is curious that more gardeners who have the necessary facilities at their disposal have not given their attention to the forwarding and forcing of vegetables under glass to secure those early supplies that are so valuable at a time when fresh vegetables are not too plentiful, and so welcome to the diet. The possession of a greenhouse in which a temperature of about 45° Fahr. can be maintained in normal winter weather and 40° Fahr. in times of severe frost is a great asset, and if this is supplemented by a few frames and the modern continuous cloches of different types, the gardener can raise many vegetables which will mature early with little risk of failure.

Two of the most important crops to handle at the moment are broad beans and peas, for the raising of which similar treatment is required. A sowing of broad beans in deep boxes can be made at any time now. The best compost for the purpose is a mixture of a good loam about three parts with one part of some old hot-bed manure, a little leaf mould and wood ash; keep the compost slightly on the dry side and raise in cold frames, giving them protection only in the most severe weather so that they are brought along as hardy as possible to be ready for planting out at the end of March. For an earlier supply, boxes can be kept growing steadily in the greenhouse. The same treatment can be given peas, using similar deep boxes and adding a little sand and soot to the compost. As with broad beans, 48 seeds properly spaced should be the number allowed per box. From sowings made during the next two or three weeks it should be possible to commence picking about the middle of May, forming a succession to those kept growing all

through the winter and early spring in pots in the greenhouse.

To secure an early crop of potatoes, tubers can be planted within the next week or two either in pots or boxes or on beds of leaves in frames. They should first be sprouted in a greenhouse, only one shoot being left on each tuber. One tuber should be allowed to a box or pot, and if the latter are available in quantity they are preferable to use. Select an early variety for the purpose, such as Epicure, Sharpe's Express, Duke of York or Arran Pilot. If they are being planted in frames, mix up a good compost consisting of leaf soil, old hot-bed manure and old potting soil and spread in the frame to a depth of about 8 ins., placing more between the rows for earthing-up purposes when the plants are ready. Set the tubers a foot apart in the rows, which should have 15 ins. between them, and keep the lights closed until growth begins, covering them with mats or straw litter when there is severe frost at night. By this treatment a crop of good quality early potatoes can be obtained by late April, when they are most welcome.



CROP OF BROAD BEANS UNDER GLASS FROM A NOVEMBER SOWING

be kept removed on all suitable occasions. A slight dusting of soot given round the plants every week will prove beneficial. Leeks and onions can also be sown now, as well as cucumbers, where a minimum temperature of 65° to 70° Fahr. can be maintained; while carrots, globe beet, turnips and radishes can all be sown in a frame over a hot-bed of leaves, selecting such varieties of carrots as Early Nantes and Early Gem, and Scarlet Globe and French Breakfast among radishes.

Even without the aid of a greenhouse or frames, much can be done with continuous cloches alone in producing early vegetables, and those gardeners who so far have never employed them in their vegetable-growing will find them well worthy of a trial. By the means of cloches, the sowing season can be both advanced in the early spring and extended in the autumn by several weeks, which is a great advantage not only in ensuring early supplies but in spreading out the sowing programme over a longer period. With these continuous cloches, broad beans, carrots, lettuce, peas, radishes, leeks and onions can all be sown during the next few weeks with little risk of failure, and crops will be gathered several weeks in advance of those sown later in the open without any protection. For a broad bean select one of the long-pod varieties or Green Windsor, while for a carrot choose Early Nantes or Delicatesse. Among peas, Pilot and Little Marvel are two valuable varieties for an early crop, while there is ample choice among lettuce and also among radishes. It is also worth while making a sowing of Brussels sprouts under a cloche about the end of this month to secure the long season of growth so essential to the success of this crop, and an early cauliflower can also be sown at the same time to encourage forward growth. A somewhat sheltered and sunny border should be chosen for these first sowings; the ground should be well prepared by deep digging and the cloches placed in position on the seed-bed about 10 days or so prior to sowing, thereby ensuring a reasonably dry and slightly warm soil which hastens germination and promotes early and quick growth.

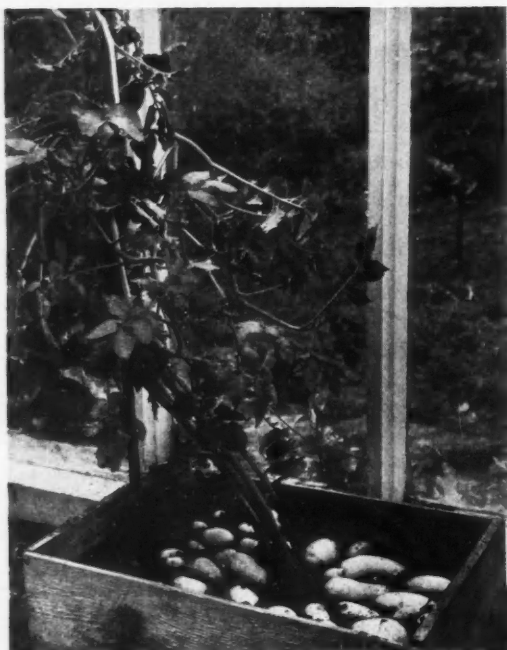


RAISING AN EARLY CROP OF PEAS UNDER LARGE "BARN" PATTERN CONTINUOUS CLOCHES
The peas sown in early February are at the flowering stage, while a row of "Tom Thumb" lettuce can be seen alongside ready for cutting

Where a good heat can be maintained, the first sowing of tomatoes can be made without delay. With this crop nothing is more important than cleanliness. The soil should be sterilised, each ingredient separately, good fresh loam, spent manure, granulated peat and sand, and the compost placed in small boxes with one layer of crocks for drainage, and made firm. Water the compost with warm water and allow the boxes to drain for several hours before sowing. Sow the seed singly about 2 ins. apart and cover with a dusting of fine soil, firming the surface afterwards. Keep the boxes, which should be covered with paper, in a temperature of about 55°, and when growth is evident remove the paper and bring the boxes to the light.

Lettuces, such as Golden Ball and Commodore Nutt, can be sown in the same way, allowing about half an inch between each seed. This will give about 50 plants per box and permit of no waste of seed, unlike the usual method of broadcasting the seed and transplanting, with much consequent waste.

To succeed the autumn-sown plants now growing in cold frames, a sowing can be made of an early cauliflower, such as Snowball, in boxes in a gentle heat. Later prick the plants out to about 3 ins. apart in a cold frame, the lights of which should



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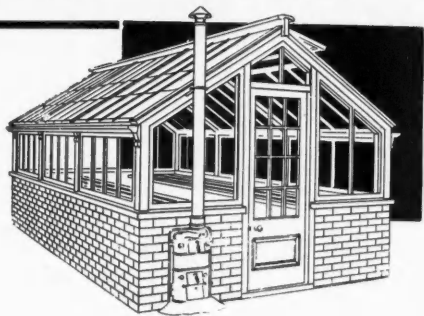
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author of

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NEW BOOKS

VERDICT ON KIPLING

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

THE best and the worst about Rudyard Kipling are said in two books that have come my way this week: *The Modern Short Story*, by H. E. Bates (Nelson, 7s. 6d.), and *A Choice of Kipling's Verse*, which Mr. T. S. Eliot has made and prefaced with a careful probing essay (Faber, 8s. 6d.).

There is nothing careful or probing about Mr. Bates's method of handling Kipling. At the mere sight of the fellow Mr. Bates paws the ground, snorting "Kipling, like Hitler, chose the swastika for an emblem"; continued contemplation makes him charge head-down across the field, bellowing "extravagant, stagey, violent, spurious"; and finally he tosses his victim over the hedge with a flourish: "That Kipling was a great writer is a myth." "No single syllable of Kipling has ever given me a moment's pleasure."

Now a writer is often important because of what he stands for as well as for what he is. The basest absurdities of Dickens are important because they were what untold thousands of Victorian readers wanted novelists to write. That sludgy side of the Victorian mind, living in the same body with a harsh practicality which victimised in life the Tiny Tims it wept over in letters, was a fact; and the works of Dickens are there to remind us of it as perhaps nothing else could do.

In the same way the imperialism, which it is easier to loathe now that it is out of fashion, was a fact of wide and deep reality. Kipling did not create it, any more than Dickens created the Victorian sludge: he simply became its historian by becoming its embodiment.

If Kipling were no more than this embodiment, he would deserve careful attention rather than a few petulant pages of dismissal, because for all time men will be able to call forth again, by a study of some of his writings, an attitude of mind which, whether one likes it or not, had its influence on the course of human history. For example, Mr. Bates says: "Fifty years after Kipling's autocratic hey-day, the emancipated native writers of India are at last beginning to speak of their own country."

WITH PREJUDICE

It is permissible to ask whether this emancipation does not owe something to the British in India. Mrs. Naidu and Mr. Gandhi, for example, like Lenin, picked up in our own country the sticks to beat us with.

But leaving all that, it is surprising that what purports to be a critical examination of the English short story should ignore every aspect of Kipling's work save that which the author dislikes. India, and the Imperial attitude to it, and the

English in it, are not the beginning and end of Kipling's work; but Mr. Bates does not so much as mention *The Jungle Books*, the *Just So Stories*, *Puck of Pook's Hill*, *Rewards and Fairies*, all of which one would suppose to have said something in the history of the short story, or *Captains Courageous* which, if not a short story, at any rate illustrated another side of a many-sided personality.

No; the fact seems to be that Mr. Bates has blind spots and prejudices like the rest of us, and he is capable of writing as badly as he supposes Mr. Kipling wrote. He can say "Having regard to the fact that" when he means "As." He can omit, in a book on the modern short story, all reference

to Stacy Aumonier who wrote *The Friends*, a tale which Galsworthy considered "as fine in its way as *Boule de Suif*," or to that unique and interesting figure W. W. Jacobs. He can tell us that "Miss Mitford and Mrs. Gaskell have been accepted as the expression of English Victorianism"; though who accepts Miss Mitford as the expression of Victorianism I do not know. Victorianism had an iron spine of commerce, and where does that come into Miss Mitford? In any case, *Our Village*, her only book that has survived, was published in parts between 1824 and 1832, and another five years were to pass before Victoria came to the throne.

A CRITIC'S STANDPOINT

I had the feeling, when reading the essay which precedes Mr. Eliot's interesting selection from Kipling's verse, that this author, too, had set out with an unfavourable impression which dispersed as he proceeded and impartially considered the evidence. He finds Kipling "a writer impossible wholly to understand and quite impossible to belittle."

Mr. Eliot states sensibly and clearly the attitude of mind in which critics should approach their task: "to overcome the prejudices which they may entertain against any verse which has a different subject-matter or a different point of view from that which they happen to accept: to detach it, furthermore, from irrelevant association with subsequent events and attitudes."

It is impossible to escape a feeling that these "subsequent events and attitudes" have shaped all that Mr. Bates had to say. Mr. Eliot, on the other hand, has looked impartially at a subject which I feel did not wholly please him, and returned a verdict in accordance with the facts. He does so in an essay which I sincerely commend to the attention of any who would understand a writer compounded more strangely than most of repellent and attractive attitudes.

Look at it how you will, there was

THE MODERN SHORT STORY

By H. E. Bates

(Nelson, 7s. 6d.)

A CHOICE OF KIPLING'S VERSE

By T. S. Eliot

(Faber, 8s. 6d.)

ALL CHANGE, HUMANITY

By Claude Houghton

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something prophetic about the man who could write these lines in 1932:

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This is the tempest long foretold—
Slow to make head but sure to hold.

NOVEL AS PARABLE

Mr. Claude Houghton may always be counted on to produce a novel with a hidden meaning which the reader may or may not understand. In his new novel *All Change, Humanity* (Collins, 9s. 6d.) he seems more anxious than usual that the reader shall have no doubt what is in his mind, and so, although the strangeness that is in all his work persists here, he has made his meaning clear, giving his book the shape of a parable.

The very title tells us what to expect. It is Mr. Wells's cry: "Change or perish."

Vincent Drake, who tells the story, is engaged to be the companion of Christopher Bell, a young man of immense wealth who has been certified sane after some time spent in an asylum. Christopher's family has endless ramifications. The half-brothers, uncles, aunts, nephews; nieces and "in-laws" are a weltering tribe, most of whom have never done a day's work and are in desperate need. The comedy of the book—and bitter-sweet comedy it is—is furnished by the attitude of this tribe to the multi-millionaire Christopher. He, they are sure, can solve all their problems, for they never see their problems in relation to their own characters but only in relation to cash; and they all fear that he is still mad. What will he do with his millions? Give them to charity? The *frisson* throughout the whole Mannering-Teasdale family at this thought makes the book shudder.

The asylum in which Christopher—note the significance of his name—had been shut up was in Beulah Island, and as soon as I read that name I began to see the shape of Mr. Houghton's parable. I looked up Isaiah and read the passage in which the prophet speaks of the Israel that might be: "And the nations shall see thy righteousness and all Kings thy glory. . . . Thou shalt also be a crown of beauty in the hand of the Lord and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God. Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken; neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate; but thou shalt be called Hephzibah and thy land Beulah; for the Lord delighteth in thee."

With this key in hand, it was not surprising to find nearly all the Mannerings and Teasdales mad, and Christopher and other people whom we meet from Beulah Island sane and radiant and whole. It was not surprising to find the book developing the theme of an England that had lost the strength of its soul and the beauty of its body, and that might recover both only when it gave heed to the madmen from Beulah.

The narrator Drake finds himself "a liaison officer between two worlds"—the world of fleshly lust and self-interest and the world of love and brotherhood. Not that brotherhood is not already there, as Drake wisely points out: "There is brotherhood in the modern world. It's the brotherhood of hell, but it's brotherhood none the less. And perhaps it's better to be forced to recognise brotherhood on any level than to deny it on every level. If we won't have the brotherhood of heaven, we get the brotherhood of hell. But one or the other we must have, because brotherhood is a fact."

Those sentences are the essence of the parable: and, like all good parables, this one is based on sound knowledge of earthly things and of the hearts of men and women. It abounds in drama and suspense and is enriched with a great diversity of scenes and people.

The fall of France before the huff and puff of the Nazi wolf—so rich a house, so seemingly well based—will remain a matter of fascinated investigation for many a year. The documents of those who were concerned in the drama are already numerous, and here is Mr. Hans Habe with his tale of participation in what he calls "the most disgraceful retreat in history": *A Thousand Shall Fall* (Harrap, 10s. 6d.).

Mr. Habe, a writer whose books had been burned by the Nazis, enlisted in a regiment made up of foreigners who wished to serve the Allied cause. They fought well. When the end came only one in four was left alive.

This is the record of what happened before the end came: the complacent do-nothingness of the early months; the ill-equipment of troops who went into battle with no rifles or rifles 50 years old; the lack of air and artillery support; the absence of maps; the failure of officers to abet and stand by their men.

The whole debacle is unrolled in a most vivid piece of writing; the drunkenness and senseless looting of the troops as they fled back through their own towns; the pitiable plight of the civilian refugees; the contemptuous insolence of the enemy aircraft hovering over the flying mob like wolves herding a flock in panic.

It is a terrible and heart-breaking tale, not without its flashes of heroism, but in the main disheartening and black with disillusion. In the end Mr. Habe found himself in a prison camp, whence he escaped and made his way to America. The tale comes to us from that country.

An Agricultural Policy

DURING the middle of the last war Sir Daniel Hall affirmed his conviction that British agriculture could never be reconstructed on a sound scale until the land was redistributed into larger farms by the acquisition of all agricultural land by the State. To-day he is more convinced than ever about the need for reconstruction and believes he has discovered the necessary administrative machinery and that the assistance which the Government has been giving does not make for the proper development of agriculture. His argument in *Reconstruction and the Land* (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.) is frankly based on the normal state of farming before 1939, and he does not deal with the re-orientation of the farmers' outlook since the beginning of this war. His scheme includes the purchase of all agricultural land by the State at a price based on the Schedule A valuation. The land would be administered in the first instance by the Commissioners of Crown Lands, but would be reorganised into larger and more economic units by an Agricultural Development Corporation which would be an executive body autonomous so far as finance is concerned. The plan also provides for a permanent Advisory Council advising the Ministers of Agriculture and Foods which is to be the guardian of the Cabinet's policy. There would also be a system of supply boards—which would intervene between the two Ministries concerned and the farmers. The scheme is a most interesting one not only because of the possibilities of its practical application but because of the light it throws on agricultural administration.

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Chieftain Check

- ★ Chieftain checks reproduce the [tweeds that used to be woven each year for game wardens and gillies.
- ★ The checked suit on the left is a Chieftain check in shades of blues on an oatmeal ground.
- ★ It is worn with one of the large sailors with saucer brims, a navy sweater and a white Trubenised collar. Peter Robinson.

Harris Tweed

- ★ The suit on the right is a hand-woven Harris tweed in crimson and black, in the new light weight.
- ★ The jacket—a shade shorter than last season—is made with the twin patch pockets that are one of the features of Spring.
- ★ Note how the under section has the material worked in a different way from the top. Peter Robinson.

PHOTO DENES

MELLOW tints predominate among the tweeds and woollens for spring; deep, incisive colours are stressed; among the rayon and cotton fabrics, especially for backgrounds. A great many coat tweeds are woven in big oblongs; generally the whole fabric is minutely checked all over, with a line of bright contrasting colour breaking up the checks into 4in. by 3in. "bricks." As many as six or eight patterns may be used for the bricks—diagonals, flecks, bird's-eye checks, narrow stripes, etc. Many of these tweeds are neutrals with an overcheck of soft yellow, coral, or sky blue; others are mixed pastels. Herring-bones and basket weaves are popular for tough country tweeds. The old-fashioned shepherd's check appears everywhere among the harder-surfaced worsted tweeds and suitings and makes many suits and coats in black and white or dark brown and white.

Yellows, leafy greens and sky blues allied to neutral browns are the leading colour mixtures for tweeds. Slate blues and blue-greys, and dark browns lined with gold or darkish blue or red, look newer for suitings than the flannel greys. Checks are vivacious in colour, many

woven with a shadow effect, many overchecked again in a contrast. Tone on tone tweeds are legion. Mostly this means that a dark and light blue, dark and light crimson, dark and light green or two browns make a herring-bone or basket design. These tweeds are soft to handle and very attractive. They are useful, as they do not show marks to the same extent that a plain material does, and yet they give the impression of being plain when they are made up. Cumberland Mills show an enormous variety of these tone on tone tweeds in lovely colours. This firm reports a feeling away from the District checks in favour of the bird's-eyes. A range of coat tweeds in pastel oblongs with a deep colour marking the overcheck are good—colours are mixed superbly. Cumberland suit tweeds combining grey, brown and yellow are outstanding. Indeed, every shade of cream to deep brown is stressed, with emphasis laid on cinnamon and a honey beige. Bliss of Chipping Norton are making proofed gabardines in these lovely cream and brown tones, lighter in weight than the ordinary whipcord and very tough wearing for the country.

Gardiners of Selkirk are doing a lot with

bouclé colour lines forming the big overcheck on a checked ground. They choose a maize yellow or peacock blue or begonia pink for the bouclé yarn and make the ground from a mixture of muted pastels. About the prettiest of this range is a tweed with a very soft handle in large pastel oblongs, each oblong in a different classic design outlined in a deeper colour. For dress weights there are some very pretty pastel checks on fancy beige grounds. The combinations of colour are lovely and all the chalky pinks and blues and warm honey colours are used extensively; also a new green that is almost jade. All the materials, without exception, are very soft to handle.

Among the big fabric news is the hand-woven Harris tweed that is being made in a special light weight for suits. This tailors superbly, and comes in an enormous range of colours with the name branded on the selvedge of each yard. Among the colours to look for are magnificent purples, pinks that are almost salmon, misty blues, and gorgeous coppery browns. We have photographed a spring suit from Peter Robinson in one of these new Harris tweeds. Another spring suit has

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